THE

CABINET;

OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

AUGUST, 1808.

MR. MACKLIN.

THE memoirs of Mr. Macklin, having been published in two large volumes—to them we refer our readers for a full account of this very singular character. The few pages we could devote to the subject would very imperfectly trace the outlines of a life, so full of interest and variety.

MR. DAVID WILKIE,

Is a native of the northern division of our island, where his father is minister of Coults, a small village in the county of Fife. Here, we believe, he was born in the year 1786, and after receiving the best education his father had it in his power to give him, he was placed in 1801 at the academy of Mr. Graham, in Edinburgh, to study drawing. In this pursuit, to which it is more than probable that he was directed by some secret propensity, he made such a proficiency, that he was soon distinguished above all his companions for his drawings from the antique; and in 1803 he obtained the premium for the best historical drawing.

The first finished oil-painting that he is known to have produced exhibits a representation of a fair at his native village. Into this piece he has introduced about one hundred and forty figures, many of which are portraits.

Among these are his father and several of the farmers and rustics of the village, whose likenesses he took at church, for which profane conduct, as the rigid presbyterians would deem it, very heavy complaints were made to the father of the youthful artist. The number of figures in this picture appears, at first sight, to be so great, that the spectator would suppose there could not be less than five hundred; yet the management of the various groups and of the light and shade is so excellent, that he has bustle and tumult without confusion, and the eye is agreeably led through the various scenes of rustic merriment without being fatigued.

This delineation of the whimsical incidents of a country fair, in which young Wilkie displayed great talent for humour, was executed at a time when he knew little of the method of painting in oil, and for this reason it has not that clearness of touch so conspicuous in his subsequent productions. He shewed it, when finished, to his instructor, Mr. Graham, who was highly astonished to see so superior a performance by so young an artist, and earnestly advised him to prosecute the study of that department of the art, adding, that it was the path in which he would be certain to excel. This picture, we have been informed, was purchased of him for fifty guineas by the lady of Mr. Whitbread.

Eager after improvement, and desirous of availing himself of the resources afforded by the metropolis, Mr. Wilkie repaired to London early in the year 1805, and became a student of the Royal Academy. Here he devoted himself with extraordinary assiduity to the study of the profession he had adopted. As he was unable to find purchasers, even at very low prices, for pictures executed in the style in which he so highly excels, he was at first obliged to confine his pencil to portraits.

His talents were thus buried in obscurity till the exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1806. Some time prior to this he had received a commission from Lord Mansfield to paint a picture from any subject he might think proper. Mr. Wilkie selected one from Macniel's celebrated poem entitled Scotland's Scaith, or the history of Will and Jean. All who are acquainted with the work must acknowledge that he could not have made a more judicious choice of a scene, as it forms one of the most prominent features in the poem, which is intended to enforce the idea, that excessive drinking and po-

litics are the scaith or bane of the lower classes of the community in Scotland.

This picture represents a scene of the politicians of lower life, collected in a public house, after the labors of the day, disputing upon some point of politics which may be supposed at that moment to have interested every class of society, and to have found its way into the shop of the mechanic, and the cottage of the husbandman.—In the principal group the light falls on Will, a young carpenter, who from, the shrewd winking of his eyes, the expression of his mouth, the extended arm, with the acute angle of the wrist, and the end of the fore-finger on the table, happily conveys a self-approbation of the sagacity and superiority of his mind over those of his hearers. He appears to be engaged in warm dispute with a figure on his left hand, who seems extremely anxious for an opportunity to reply; but the carpenter, determined to proceed, is directing his discourse to a venerable-looking man who sits opposite to him with spectacles on his nose, and apparently acts as umpire between the contending parties. Close to Will's opponent, at the farther end of the table, is placed another figure, who seems to be carelessly balancing the argument with a knife with which he has been carving the bread and cheese that lies upon the table, together with drinking-vessels, &c. The figure of the two disputants are admirably characteristic of the conceit which a little knowledge produces upon vulgar minds; they evince great observation of rustic nature and the influence of the little heats of parties and politics on such as would naturally be supposed beyond the sphere of their operation.

The countenance of Will, as well as every part of his figure is extremely expressive; he appears to be exerting all his powers to convince his antagonist, who, on the contrary, seems to be thoroughly satisfied of the fallacy of his arguments, and only wants an opportunity to expose it. The expression in the countenance of the umpire is most exquisitely delineated; he appears cool, deliberate, and candid, as if weighing maturely the question in agitation. Indeed, we have no hesitation to assert, that this head was never excelled even by Teniers himself. In a half tint, behind Will, sits an old man reading a newspaper, which Macneil describes as the

Gazetteer, a violent anti-ministerial print published at Edinburgh, and which powerfully tended to inflame the minds of the people. The expression of the face of the reader, indicates with great felicity his composed and settled acquiescence in the conclusions of his own mind, and his undaunted adherence to his own opinions, amidst the din of his battling associates. He is easy and quiet, and thinks for himself; while another man in the opposite part of the picture, is scratching his head, seemingly sensible, that he does not possess the haranguing eloquence of the carpenter, but tolerably confident in his own mind that he is the best informed man in the room. Several figures in the shadow lounging about the fire, several of which are engaged in dispute, form the subordinate group of this excellent performance. Nearer the fore-ground, is a child eating something of which a dog seems very desirous of partaking, and close to them stands a bench, under which are kitchen utensils. In the opposite corner of the room is the landlady coming out of a closet, with bottles, &c. to furnish her customers with a fresh supply of liquor. A fine gloomy repose pervades the back-ground and the figures in shadow, and gives astonishing brilliancy to the principal group.

This rare display of juvenile talent, was sent by our artist to the exhibition of the Royal Academy, for 1806, where it shone like a star of the first brilliancy among the productions by which it was surrounded. At the dinner which, it is well known, is annually given by the Royal Academy, previous to the opening of the exhibition, to the most distinguished amateurs and other eminent characters. Mr. Angerstein, the munificent patron and consummate judge of the fine arts, instantly discovered the merits of Mr. Wilkie's performance. He called to the attention of the Prince of Wales and the other gentlemen present, as to an extraordinary phenomenon in modern painting, declaring that it possessed all the spirit of a Teniers, accompanied by the humour of a Hogarth. Such an encomium from such a man would, doubtless, have been highly flattering to the most renowned artist: the reader may then judge how soothing how encouraging must have been its effect on the mind of a mere youth, whose name was yet totally unknown, and was now just emerging from obscurity. Nor was this all, the public unanimously coincided in the sentiments

expressed by Mr. Angerstein, and Wilkie was immediately ranked among the most eminent of his profession.

On the first day of the exhibition, when our young artist went to gratify himself with a survey of the latest productions of the British school, he met Mr. Fuseli the master of the academy, whose attention to his students is as honourable to his character as his professional excellence is to his genius. He had always taken the most friendly notice of Wilkie. Addressing him on this occasion, he pointed to his performance, observing that it was a very dangerous picture; for, if he did not surpass it in his next attempt, it would prove fatal to his newly-acquired reputation. "Young man," continued he, "this day will prove either the most auspicious or the most unfortunate of your life." By this emphatic expression, Mr. Fuseli, it is presumed, intended to convey a most important lesson to the mind of his youthful and inexperienced pupil. He meant to say, "This day, on which your talents are for the first time displayed to the world, will open you a path to fortune, fame, and eminence, if by assiduous study you endeavour to mature the abilities you possess, and make prudence and modesty the guides of your future conduct. If, on the contrary, you indulge that arrogance and self-sufficiency which success is apt to excite; if you listen to the needy flatterers which never fail to surround rising eminence; if you suffer yourself to be drawn aside by their allurements into the paths of indolence, dissipation, and vice, inevitable destruction awaits you; and the more conspicuous your talents, the more signal will be the ruin in which you will be involved."

A most striking illustration of the truth of this advice may be found in the history of the late unfortunate George Morland.

It has been already observed that the "Village Politicians" was painted by Mr. Wilkie for the Earl of Mansfield. We regret that truth obliges us to state that his lordship's conduct with regard to this picture was not calculated to confer any honour on his character, either as a man of fortune or a patron of the arts. Having hesitated to give the very low sum of ten guineas, at first required by Mr. Wilkie, the latter, after the merits of the piece were universally acknowledged, thought himself justified in demanding an advance upon the price he had before asked. His lordship, with a truly mercantile spirit,

was a considerable time in coming to a decision; and such was the high sense of honour entertained by our young artist, that, among the various offers made by gentlemen who were eager to possess this juvenile master-piece, he even refused one of two hundred guineas!—The price he received from Lord Mansfield was fifteen guineas.

The promise of future excellence held out by the "Village Politicians,," was confirmed by his next production, which served to convince the public that Mr. Wilkie's former picture was not a work of accident, a mere lucky casualty, but that his powers are those of a regular, steady, and improving genius.

The subject is a "Blind Fiddler, playing on his fiddle, in a house where he has stopped to rest himself, for the entertainment of the master, his wife, and children." The fiddler is seated in the act of playing; next to him is his wife, with her child on her lap, and at her feet a basket, containing the little *pedlary* wares which she has to sell. At the feet of the fiddler lie his fiddle-case, and some scattered domestic utensils, and kitchen herbs, just brought in for the use of the family. The group of figures at the end of the picture, which balances in composition that of the fiddler and his wife, consists of the mistress of the house, and her child on her lap; the master of the house snapping his fingers, and looking with great glee upon his child, with the design of inviting it to laugh and dance, and exhibit its perception of youthful joy at the sound of the fiddle. Near the master of the house, stands, with his back to the fire, a sober, thinking man, seemingly the grandfather of the younger part of the family. He listens with great complacency to the rustic musician, but is evidently more impressed with humane compassion at the situation of the *Poor Fiddler*, than delighted with the efforts of his skill. At the fire-place sits a young lad, in the train of the fiddler, wrapt up in the comforts of the chimney-corner, and indifferent to every thing besides. Between the mother and the Fiddler are two children, a boy and a girl; the girl exhibits a fondness for music, and presses forward with an eager familiarity; but the boy is peevish and sulky, and shews that he neither likes the music nor the company of the fiddler and his family. Behind the mother is the eldest boy, about twelve years old: he has in his hand a small pair of bellows, which he has placed under his chin, in

imitation of the blind man's fiddle, and with a stick, in mockery of the bow, is ridiculously aping the fiddler. Near him is a girl, somewhat older than himself, who rebukes him for the unmannerliness of his jest, and is endeavouring to shame him out of it. There are altogether twelve figures. The front of the chimney forms the centre of the back ground, on which are shelves, containing a variety of domestic utensils, and upon the uppermost shelf are books, in the midst of which is a plaster bust, in appropriate colours, of a dissenting clergyman; and in order to shew that the family are not without a taste for the *fine arts*, besides that of music, the walls are ornamented with drawings on pieces of paper, representing soldiers, ships, and horses, evidently the manufacture of the boy above noticed. Near the boy, who is mocking the fiddler, is his dog, in deep dudgeon at this disturbance and intrusion upon his domestic repose. The light and shade of this picture are equally fortunate with the expression of the characters. The principal light, as well as the brilliancy of colour, falls upon the mistress of the house and her child; this is balanced by a second light at the other end of the picture, behind the fiddler, which is admitted by the door, and thus, by means of these two principal lights, the fiddler is placed in a kind of half tint, which gives a surprising breadth and repose to the composition; whilst the shadow occasioned by the group of the husband, the grandfather and the children, gives to the whole a general and accumulated force, and renders the half tint over the fiddler clear and transparent. The general tone over the back ground is a cool aërial tint, which gives great relief and strength to the colours of the draperies.

When we contemplate the different characters of the figures, we find in the fiddler, the man who has no other pursuit than the occupation of his present trade; in his wife, the care of her child, asleep upon her lap, and the charge committed to her of the little pedlary articles, impresses her countenance with perfect impassiveness as to any enjoyment for the music, and does away all concern but of that which might be the compensation of her husband's talents, and their treatment upon the conclusion of the tune. The master and mistress of the house seem to have no other pleasure than that which the music is supposed to give to their child.

These are the leading points in one of the most extra-

ordinary pictures, in this line of art, which has ever made its appearance in England by a native. Whether we consider the ingenious manner of bringing the materials of this picture together, the diversity and justness of the characters and expressions of the figures, with the correctness of drawing, even to the most minute parts; the light and shade, as well as the truth of colour, and the neatness of execution,—whatever parts we singly consider, it would be matter of difficulty upon which we should most fix our admiration. The picture in the late exhibition, the *Card Player*, possesses perhaps a still superior degree of excellence.

It is generally supposed that Mr. Wilkie has imitated the style of the celebrated Teniers, but we believe he had never seen a picture by that master when he produced his representation of the Fair; though there is a similarity in the manner, which may, however, be easily accounted for. Teniers drew from nature, and it is nature that our youthful artist has made the object of his study. Of the former it has been justly said, that "he studied nature in every shape, with a most curious and critical observation, and as he generally composed his subjects from persons in low stations, he accustomed himself to frequent their meetings, at sports and pastimes; and by that means had an opportunity of remarking the simplicity of their manners, and the various actions, attitudes, characters, and passions of every age and sex. From such observations, he had nature always present to his imagination in whatever he composed; and was enabled to give his figures such truth and such expression as must for ever ensure his works the approbation of the best judges." These observations may with equal propriety be applied to Mr. Wilkie. He has been no less curious in his observation of the peasantry in the neighbourhood of the place of his nativity; and, even in the streets of the metropolis, he has been seen to stop and to pay great attention to groups of low characters. He has constant recourse to nature for every individual part, and even the minutest objects, in his compositions; and this method must necessarily give his work a great degree of truth and precision. He engages such characters as he accidently meets, or thinks adapted to his purpose; and we have been informed that the old man in spectacles in the "Village Politicians," was painted from a person who cries brooms in the streets of London.

THE ARTS.

No. XVII.

MR. CHARLES GRIGNION.

THE LONG CELEBRATED ENGRAVER.

THERE are few men who have contributed more to public amusement than this celebrated Artist. The number of books he has embellished with prints are beyond calculation; but his merits have not ended here, for he was the first that introduced legitimate art into literary publications: he was the first that led the way to that excellence to which the English engravers have since arrived in small book plates; and, if it be considered how much the sale of books has been increased by the insertion of prints, Mr. Grignion will be found to have greatly increased the public revenue, enriched the bookseller, improved the taste of the public, and added greatly to its fund of rational, elegant, cheap, and innocent pleasures.

Seldom have the people of England been appealed to in vain for protection against the miseries attendant on old age and penury; and never was preferred a claim on its justice and generosity more fairly founded than that of Mr. Grignion. Whilst nature left him powers, he exerted them for the public, but the great number of his years has now destroyed his energies, and he is left with a wife and a daughter (the latter nearly blind) dependant on him for support, after having out of ninety years, devoted upwards of seventy to the rational pleasures of the nation. Surely, that nation will not suffer his tottering steps to the grave to be imbittered with want and wretchedness. Long, and much too long, has he suffered the deprivation of those comforts of life which age demands as necessaries, before his modesty, and that natural independence of spirit which accompanies great abilities, would make them known; absolute necessity has now compelled him to lay them before a generous public, to whom age, infirmity, and wretchedness have never implored in vain, where they have had to recommend them purity of moral character, and virtuous industry.

Several Bankers, Booksellers, and Artists of respectability, have kindly offered to receive benefactions for this respectable and unfortunate man.

REMARKS ON OUR CATHEDRAL AND PAROCHIAL MUSIC.

Our sacred poetry, sung in the cathedrals, is transcribed strictly from the holy scriptures, and most commonly from the book of Psalms: except only the Te Deum, which is one of the most ancient and approved hymns of the church. This restriction, by which no hymns of no new invention are admitted as a part of divine service, we owe to the grand reformation. This opened to us the fountain of the sacred writings, which had before been locked up, as in Italy. From the same cause, our anthems are likewise given in our own tongue; which, though not so various as the Latin, is yet generally round and sonorous, clearly accented and capable of being adapted to a variety of musical expressions. But while we justly admire the sacred poetry of our cathedral service, must we not lament the state of it in our parochial churches, where the cold, the meagre, the disgusting dulness of Sternhold and his companions, hath quenched all the poetic fire, and devout majesty of the royal psalmist?

The character of our cathedral music is of a middle kind: not of the first rank, in the great quality of expression; nor yet so improper or absurd, as to deserve a general reprobation. Too studious a regard to Fugues, and an artificial counterpoint appears in the old, and too airy and light a turn, to the neglect of a grand simplicity, in the new: two extremes, which tend equally, though from opposite causes, to destroy musical expression. Yet, there are passages in Purcell's anthems, which may fairly stand in competition with those of any composer, of whatever country. There are others, who may justly claim a considerable share of praise. Handel stands eminent in his greatness and sublimity of stile. Our parochial music in general, is solemn and devout, much better calculated for the performance of a whole congregation, than if it were more broken and elaborate. In country churches, wherever a more artificial kind had been imprudently attempted, confusion and dissonance are the general consequence.

The performance of our cathedral music is defective: we have no grand established choirs of priests, as in France, whose dignity of character might, in a proper degree, maintain that of the divine service. This duty

is chiefly left to a band of lay singers, whose rank and education are not of weight to preserve their profession from contempt. The performance of our parochial psalms, though in the villages it be often as mean and meagre as the words that are sung, yet in great towns, where a good organ is skilfully and devoutly employed, by a sensible organist, the union of this instrument with the voices of a well-instructed congregation, forms one of the grandest scenes of unaffected piety that human nature can afford. The reverse of this appears, when a company of illiterate people form themselves into a choir, distinct from the congregation. Here devotion is lost between the impotent vanity of those who sing, and the ignorant wonder of those who listen.

The anthem, with respect to its subject, neither needs nor admits of improvement; being drawn from the sacred scriptures. A proper selection of words for music is, indeed, a work of importance here: and though in many instances this will be well made, yet it were to be wished, that some superior judgment would oversee, and sometimes (negatively at least) direct the composer, for the prevention of improprieties. A parallel remark will extend itself almost to the whole book of Psalms, as they are versified by Sternhold, for the service of parochial churches. There are few stanzas which do not present expressions to excite the ridicule of some part of every congregation. This version might well be abolished, as it exposeth some of the noblest parts of divine service to contempt; especially as there is another version already privileged, which though not excellent, is however, not intolerable.——The parochial music seems to need no reform: its simplicity and solemnity suit well its general destination; and it is of power, when properly performed, to raise affections of the noblest nature.

It were to be wished, that the cathedral music were always composed with a proportioned sobriety and reserve. Here, as we have observed, the whole is apt to degenerate too much into an affair of art. A great and pathetic simplicity of stile, kept ever in subserviency to the sacred poetry, ought to be aimed at as the truest and the only praise. The same devout simplicity of manners may be attained in the performance, and ought to be studied by the organist and choir: their ambition should lie in a natural and dignified execution, not in a curious display of art. The maxim of Augustine was excellent, and

deserves the serious attention both of those who perform and those who hear; "I always think myself blamable, when I am drawn more to the singer than to what is sung." But an additional circumstance seems necessary, as a means of bringing back church music to its original dignity and use: we have seen in the course of this dissertation, how the separations follow each other in the decline of the poetical and musical arts.

And for the sake of the truth, we must here observe, that in the performance of cathedral music, a separation has long taken place, fatal to its truest utility. The higher ranks of the church do not think themselves concerned in the performance. It were devoutly to be wished that the musical education were so general as to enable the clergy, of whatever rank, to join the choir in the celebration of their Creator, in all its appointed forms: the laity would be naturally led to follow so powerful an example.

MADAME VILLACERFE

Was a French lady, of noble family, dignified character, and unblemished life, whose death was distinguished by a greatness of mind, not usual in her sex, and when we consider *all* its circumstances, unequalled by the most renowned heroes of antiquity.

The short history of this excellent woman, is, I believe, generally known, and will probably be recognized by many of my readers, but she is so striking an example of Christian fortitude, philosophic suffering, generous forbearance, and angelic love, without the least alloy of vanity, selfishness, or sensuality, that the affecting narrative cannot be dwelt on too long, nor repeated too often.

An early, a mutual affection, had taken place between the subject of our present article, and Festeau, an eminent surgeon of Paris; but from the insurmountable obstacles which in those days (1700) so strictly guarded superior rank, all further intercourse was prevented than animated civilities, when opportunities offered, and soft but secret wishes.

The lover would have perished, rather than by a rash proceeding, degrade the object of his affections in the

eyes of her family and the world; and his mistress, taught by love, the omnipotent leveller of all distinctions, though she felt too powerfully the merit of Festeau, who, in the scale of unprejudiced reason, far outweighed a thousand pretenders to frivolous accomplishment and superficial attainment; she nobly resolved

> To quit the object of no common choice,
> In mild submission to stern duty's voice,
> The much-lov'd man, with all his claims resign,
> And sacrifice delight at duty's shrine.

Several years passed in this honorable contest with the passions; in which duty and honour triumphed over wild wishes, and selfish appetites. Madame Villacerfe, from an indisposition which confined her to her chamber, but not to her bed, was, by the prescription of a physician, ordered to be bled.

Festeau, as surgeon to the family, being sent for, his countenance as he entered the room, proved the state of his mind. After gently touching her pulse, and a few professional questions, in a low voice, he prepared for the operation, by tucking up that part of a loose dress which covered her arm; an interesting business to a man who had long laboured with the most ardent attachment to his lovely patient, whose illness infused an irresistible softness over her features, and lighted up the embers of an affection, suppressed, but never extinguished.

Pressing the vein, in order to render it more prominent, he was observed to be seized with a sudden tremor, and to change his colour: this circumstance was mentioned to the lady, not without a fear, that it might prevent his bleeding her with his usual dexterity. On her observing, with a smile, that she confided entirely in Festeau's skill, and was sure he had no inclination to do her an injury, he appeared to recover himself, and smiling, or forcing a smile, proceeded to his work, which was no sooner performed, than he cried out, "I am the most unfortunate man alive, I have opened an artery instead of a vein."

It is not easy to describe his distraction, or her composure; in less than three days, the state of her arm, in consequence of the accident, rendered amputation necessary, when so far from using her unhappy surgeon with the peevish resentment of a little mind, she requested of him not to be absent from any consultation on the treatment of her case, and ordered her will to be made.

After her arm was taken off, symptoms appearing, which convinced Festeau and his associates, that less than twenty-four hours would terminate the existence of one who was an ornament to her sex; the voice, the looks, the anguish of her lover, as well as her own feelings, convinced her of the solemn truth.

This opinion, her earnest and solemn entreaties, on a death bed, not to be disregarded, obliged her friends to confirm, and a few hours before that awful moment, which none escape, and which bold bad men only *affect* to despise, after desiring the attendants to leave the chamber, Madame Villacerfe addressed her disconsolate surgeon in the following words:

"You give me inexpressible concern for the sorrow in which I see you overwhelmed, notwithstanding your kind efforts to conceal it. I am removing—to all intents and purposes, I am removed from human life and all that relates to it, it is therefore highly incumbent on me to begin to think and act like one wholly unconcerned in it.

"I feel not the least resentment or displeasure on the present occasion. I do not consider you as one by whose error I have lost my life; I regard you rather as a benefactor, who have hastened my entrance into a blessed immortality.

"But the world may look on the accident, which, on your account alone, I can call unfortunate, and mention it to your advantage, I have therefore provided, in my will, against every thing you may have to dread from the ill-will, the prejudices, or the selfish misrepresentation of mankind."

This pattern for Christians, this example for heroes, soon after expired. A judicial sentence, devoting his fortune to confiscation, and his body to exquisite tortures, could not have produced keener sensations of misery and horror, than Festeau felt during her address, which was an emanation of celestial benignity, an anticipating revelation, a divine ray from the spirit of that God who inspired and loved her, and in whose presence she was shortly to triumph and adore.

But when he contemplated her exalted goodness and unparalleled magnanimity in suffering pain and mortal agonies, inflicted by an unhappy man, who, of all others, loved and doated on her most; when he saw her dying look, and heard that groan which is repeated no more, sick of the world, dispirited with human life and its pursuits, angry beyond forgiveness with himself, he

sunk into the settled gloom and long melancholy of despair.

This is one of the many instances in which a little forethought, and a small share of prudence, would have prevented much serious evil, and irretrievable calamity. As it was impossible that Madame Villacerfe's relations could be entirely strangers to the partiality of Monsieur Festeau, they should industriously have prevented all intercourse between the young people.

The agitated frame and deranged appearance of her lover, observed previous to the catastrosphe, by a gentleman nearly related to the lady, and from whose letter I derive the materials of my narrative, pointed him out as the most improper man for medical or surgical assistance, which requires coolness, dexterity, a steady hand, and a collected mind.

In the sudden and disastrous accidents to which human life is, on every side, and at every moment, exposed, it will frequently be found, that those connected to us by the nearest and dearest ties of blood, friendship, or affection, are often, by those very circumstances, disqualified from affording us prompt and effectual relief.

The fond mother, whose infant is a constant source of toil, which only a mother would willingly submit to, and of delight, which all must envy, on seeing it suddenly spring from her arms into a deep and rapid stream, would probably sink to the ground in a fainting fit, or an hysteric convulsion; thus would she be rendered, by the ardor of affection and the violence of her feelings, wholly unable to snatch her child from death.

A by-stander, perhaps a reprobate and a scoundrel, uninfluenced by philanthropy, love, or a sense of duty, and amply repaid by half a crown, would, with all his senses about him, directly plunge in, and, a stranger to the unmanageable ecstacies of a mother, restore the darling to her arms. C. P. B.

QUOTATIONS FROM OTHER WRITERS.

ESPECIALLY THE ANCIENT GREEK AND LATIN.

In quotations, as in all other things, men have run into extremes. Some writers have quoted most abundantly, in order (as should seem) to make an ostentation of learn-

ing; with one of whom La Mothe le Vayer, though himself a great quoter, appears to have been much fatigued: "God grant you," cries he, "to become less learned"—*Dieu vous fasse la grace de devenir moins scavant.* Others have scarcely quoted at all, as Locke and Hoadley, with some of an inferior kind, who perhaps have hence affected to pass for original writers, that needed no extraneous helps: and indeed, in books of mere reasoning, all quotation to many may seem impertinent.

La Bruyere has animadverted upon the former extreme: he complains of books being crowded so with quotations, as to be hardly any thing else; of citing Ovid and Tibullus at the bar, Horace and Lucretius in the pulpit: where, says he, "Latin and sometimes Greek are the languages chosen to entertain the women and churchwardens with*." And, doubtless, nothing can be more absurd and ridiculous than this: by this an author's sense, if peradventure he has any, is almost oppressed and smothered under his learning; and, as Ovid said of a girl overloaded with dress and ornament, he is so garnished out with foreign materials, as to be, in truth, the least part of himself. Mean while, as Bayley observes upon Bruyere, "it is to be feared, that the very opposite custom of not citing at all, into which we are fallen, will make learning too much despised, as a piece of furniture entirely useless†:" and he has elsewhere mentioned, as "one principal cause of neglect in the study of the Belles Lettres, that a great many wits, real or pretended, have, with an air of disdain, run down the custom of citing Greek authors, and making learned remarks, as so much pedantry, and fit only for a college‡."

It is however certain, that many pleasing as well as useful purposes may be served by quotations, judiciously made and aptly applied. It is pleasing to know, while contemplating any subject, what other writers, men of name and abilities, have thought and said upon it: and then the variety, which the frequent introduction of new personages (as I may call them) creates, will greatly contribute to enliven attention, and thereby keep off weariness and disgust. With the Greek and Latin authors the classical reader is always entertained: "Mr. Clarke's book of coins is much above my pitch," said the learned

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* Charact. *De la Chaire.* † Dict. BOUCHIN. Note B.
‡ MEZIRIAC. Note C.

Markland to his friend; "but I read it with pleasure as his, and *because of the quotations from the ancients*, which are numerous *.

But quotation is useful, as well as pleasing, to confirm and illustrate the sentiments of a writer; and especially in works, where the great object is, not so much to teach men things of which they are ignorant, by descanting in detail and at large, as to remind them of what they know; not so much to *make men read*, to borrow Montesquieu's expression, as to *make them think*. For this the citing of authorities, and dealing in personal anecdotes and apophthegms, seem perfectly well calculated: for, however it be, men frequently pause and dwell upon *names*, who would hastily and inadvertently skim over *things*. Nay, let the reasoning be ever so close and sound, it shall often pass for little more than declamation; while the name of some admired author, especially if he be dead, shall arrest the imagination, and make all the impression which is necessary to produce conviction †.

Again, the practice of quoting from other writers, and especially the Greek and Roman authors of antiquity, is useful, inasmuch (as above hinted) it must give some countenance and sanction even to *letters* themselves: *letters!* neglected, declining *letters!* and with *them* declining all that is wise, and excellent, and beautiful, and polished. How would an astonished *macaroni* stare, to be assured, that the civilization of kingdoms is founded upon *letters;* and that in proportion as these are cultivated, so is nearly the progress of mankind from their most rude and savage state, up to that perfection of elegance and refinement, which beameth forth from his all-finished and refulgent person! I speak according to the gentleman's own idea of himself.

Lastly, were the practice of quoting once received and established, this great advantage would farther accrue to letters, *viz.* that it would reduce the bulk of scribblers, with which they are disgraced. Nothing is more common in these days, than for men to begin to write, and affect to be authors, not only before they understand Greek and Latin, but before they have any real or accu-

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* Bowyer's Miscell. Tracts, p. 524.

† *L' authorité peut seule envers les communs entendemens*, says Montaigne, *et poise plus en langage peregrin.* Essais, III. 13.

rate knowledge of English. It is enough for them if they can spell with tolerable exactness: for this accomplishment, joined with such materials as magazines, reviews, and other public prints supply, is usually the stock in trade, with which authors now as well as critics set up. In short, writing is become a mere manual operation; and books are made every day by men without genius, without letters, who are but barely sufficient to transcribe, at the most to compile. Upon which account it might well be wished, that every one who presumes to write, especially upon matters of religion and government, (for in romance and moral painting it is not necessary) should be obliged to support his meaning, once at least, with some Greek, and once with some Latin, citation; and should produce at the same time a true and well authenticated testimonial, that these citations were not furnished by another, but *bonâ fide* his own act and deed. A test of this sort would have a mighty check to scribbling*; and save reams of paper, which are every moment going to perish—*perituræ parcere chartæ*

Upon the whole, therefore, let us not condemn, and effectually avoid, the citation of authors; falsely delicate, falsely fastidious. Let us recollect, that the greatest and most respectable writers have done this: that *Cicero*, *Plutarch*, *Seneca*, *Bacon*, *Montaigne*, and *Montesquieu*, left nothing unborrowed from others, which might serve to embellish their own writings; and that the things thus borrowed may, if skilfully applied, have not only all the energy of their old situation, but all the graces of invention in their new one. And why should they not? *there being no less wit in justly applying the thought of another, than in being the first author of that thought.* At least so says *Mr. Bayle;* whom I have quoted the more freely upon this topic, because he was a very great wit, as well as a very great scholar. S.

MARRIAGE.

THOUGH the making the marriage contract liable to be annulled frequently, and on slight occasions, would be

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* "The world has got such an appetite for reading," says our learned printer, "that it swallows every thing which is offered to it. Careless readers have made careless writers; and, amidst a multiplicity of books, I every day see barbarity creeping in." Bowyer's Misc. Tracts, p. 281.

attended with serious evils to society; yet surely the rendering it so irrevocable, as never on any occasion to be set aside, seems contrary both to justice and common sense. To compel a man and woman who have a rooted dislike to each other, to continue together for life, because they have inconsiderately engaged to do it under certain specific forms, is a most unjust and cruel law, inflicting the severest punishment on the unhappy sufferers, and exactly counteracting the purpose for which matrimony was instituted. A divorce, I allow, should never be hastily permitted, nor when it is adverse to the inclination or the interest of either party; for he who hath sworn to his neighbour ought not to disappoint him, though it be to his own hindrance; but when both parties, after long deliberation, earnestly desire to be separated, it does not appear that the evil of granting their wish would counterbalance that which must arise from the refusal of it. Neither would serious applications to separate be very frequent; as mutual interests, mutual affection to children, and the force of habit, are stronger bonds of union than any which human legislators can frame. And so far from a person acquiring a large fortune who had the sole right of dissolving marriages, as is often suggested in conversation, I rather think he would not be called on to exercise his function twenty times in a year, if the same time only for deliberation was necessary in untying the knot, that our laws enjoin for the tying it. But this infrequency affords no argument against the necessity of it. A person does not suffer the less from a disorder, because few are afflicted with it. Is no disease to be cured but the pestilence?

This system of irrevocable vows is said to be founded on the words of our Saviour; but those words, and especially the text of St Matthew, chap. v. ver. 32; and chap. xix. ver. 9, relate to a man putting away his wife, making a man thus at once the complainant and the judge; and not to a separation by mutual consent. The Jews we know had a law, which authorised them to put away their wives by giving them a bill of divorcement; and a learned writer on this subject observes, that 'some of the Jews extended this liberty so far as to fancy they might, without any reason at all, for their mere pleasure, part with their wives; and their doctors, after the captivity, grew strangely loose on this subject *.'

* Lewis's Hebrew Republic, lib. vi. chap. 35.

In England a divorce is not allowed on any pretence whatever. A marriage is never pronounced void by our courts, for any cause but what made the marriage illegal when it was solemnized, and which exhisted at that time; not even for adultery, which is expressly mentioned by our Saviour as a sufficient cause. The divorces *à mensâ et thoro*, pronounced by the ecclesiastic courts, are only legal permission to do what may be done equally well without such permission; for, as the poet says,

> ' Consent, if mutual, saves the lawyer's fee:
> ' Consent is law enough to set you free."

It is true our lawyers have found out a mode of dissolving the nuptial tie, for adultery; but it is a mode that violates every principle of natural justice. I mean the interference of parliament. In these cases the legislature interposes by an *ex post facto* law, not to annul a marriage by the mutual consent of both parties, but to punish * one of the parties only, for a crime, against which there was no punishment in force when it was committed; and which is only to have force in that case, and against that particular person.

Far be it from me to say that the ladies have not, in general, many advantages over us in the nuptial state, and many opportunites of retaliating on us, in general, the hardships and inconveniences that some few of them may suffer from the brutal and tyrannical part of our sex. Yet it must be allowed there is something capriciously cruel in what most men expect from their wives. They are displeased with them for seeming to feel any jealousy of their fidelity, even if they know they deserve it; and yet they would be hurt if they thought such a circumstance would not give them real uneasiness. This species of injustice is shewn in more trifling circumstances than nuptial infidelity. A man dislikes that his wife should express any symptoms of discontent, when he declares his intention to leave her and dine at a tavern with his friends; and yet he would not be pleased to have her say, (especially if he thought she spoke her thoughts) ' Pray, my dear, go: I shall be just as happy without you.'

In this case, a man in a profession has an advantage

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* Surely it will not be denied, that an act which may reduce a countess to the situation of plain miss, is a punishment.

over an idle man. His business will give him pretences for enjoying convivial society, without hurting the self-opinion of his wife. For women can hardly allow the possibility (which undoubtedly exists in men of a social character) of other company being preferred occasionally to their own, without its being a proof of their husband's decreasing affection.

In fact, women, when they love, are much more attached than men. I really believe few women would wish for any other company than that of the husband they loved, while he behaved with kindness and attention. The case with our sex is widely different. To illustrate this by an example. We will suppose a young officer and a young woman eloped together, both of good dispositions, passionately fond of each other, and in the first week of possession. The woman would never wish to quit the side of her lover, for any amusement or society whatever :—but would it be so with the man? We will place them at an inn where the officers of a regiment he had served in were messing. He certainly would not, if he had common goodnature, or even decency, think of really quitting his mistress for their society; but he would possibly feel more inclination to join them, than perhaps he would wish to own, even to himself.

As human nature in all ages and countries must have been essentially the same, under the same circumstances, it is suprising that all the ancient ethic writers should consider the being under the dominion of a wife, a consequence of marrying a woman of fortune; since experience shews the fact at present to be directly the reverse. The very few men who maintain an uncontrolled sway over their wives and families, will be found, almost without exception, among those who have married for interest. And the reason of this seems clear; for besides the natural tendency persons in a dependant situation have to employ every effort to get out of it; an ascendency, in such a connection as marriage, is not gained or maintained by the same causes as in the common affairs of life. In marriage, the person who loves most will certainly be governed; and the person who has the largest fortune will, in matches formed by the parties themselves, generally have most love on their side. To this may be added a characteristic of the sex, put into the mouth of Booth by that inimitable delineator of manners, Henry

Fielding. 'Women generally love to be on the obliging side; and if we examine their favourites, we shall find them to be much oftener such as they have conferred obligations on, than such as they have received them from *.'

Rousseau knew this also; for, speaking of what his conduct towards a woman he loved would be if he were rich, he says: 'Il seroit doux d'être liberal envers ce qu'on aime, si cela ne faisoit un marché: Je ne connois qu'un moyen de satisfaire ce penchant avec sa maitresse, sans empoisonner l'amour; c'est de lui tout donner et d'être ensuite nourri par elle.' This is nevertheless beginning with the obligation; and is in fact the case with every rich henpecked husband and keeper in the world. Indeed Rousseau adds: 'Reste à savoir, où est la femme avec qui ce procédé ne fût pas extravagant †.'

Attention, and assiduity, make the strongest impression on the hearts of women. Therefore men in the lowest order of society have by far the best opportunities of gaining the real affection of their mistresses.—What is the attention of picking up a fan, or handing a lady to a coach, compared with the frequent and essential acts of kindness that may be shewn in the hay or harvest field?—But as the days of pastoral refinement as well as chivalry are past, it is doubtful if the labourers of Great Britain often avail themselves of this advantage. Yet the politest lover, if he possesses sensibility, knows this, and the most accomplished young woman feels it. Any assiduity, expressing a real anxiety to serve her, and especially the appearance of serious alarm for HER safety, and a total disregard of his OWN, in the moment of real or supposed danger, will give the lover more interest in the heart of his mistress, than a ten years siege of courtly compliment.

Plato censures the dramatic poets for their exhibition of vicious manners, on the supposition that the actors, as

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* An observation of the same sort is made on mankind in general by Thucydides, in the funeral oration spoken by Pericles 'The person who confers the favour is always the most steady friend, being desirous to preserve that kindness on account of which it was conferred; while the love of the person owing the obligation is weaker, being conscious rather of discharging a debt, than shewing his own kindness.'

† Emile.

well as the poet, will acquire bad habits from frequently assuming such characters. This perhaps may be refining too much; but undoubtedly the assuming a character in real life, must have a great influence on the actual character of the person assuming it. There is truth in the common proverb, that "custom is second nature.' Has not then the fashion which enjoins the appearance of a total indifference in a young couple to each other in company, after marriage, a strong tendency to produce real indifference? Surely a woman must feel a little hurt at being neglected in public (which takes up a large portion of the time of the opulent) by the man who a few days before seemed only to live for her service; and the contrast of this neglect to the unremitted, or probably increased, attention of other former admirers, must make impressions on her mind not very favourable to domestic happiness. I think nothing so pleasing as the marked attention of young married persons to each other. I am far from meaning a childish and disgusting display of fondness, and still further, that kind of behaviour we sometimes find among ill-bred people, at a third person's table, which is a tacit censure on the politeness of their host. The attention should something resemble that which lovers pay to each other, when in company with persons before whom they wish to be on their guard,

H. I. P.

THE LATE DR. BERKELEY, BISHOP OF CLOYNE.

George Berkeley was the son of a clergyman in Ireland, of a small living, but at the same time remarkable for his learning and piety; he therefore gave his son the best education his circumstances would admit of; and, when fitted for the university, taxed his little fortune, in order to send him to Trinity college, Dublin.

Here he soon began to be looked upon as the greatest genius, or the greatest dunce, in the whole university; those who were but slightly acquainted with him, took him for a fool; but those who shared his most intimate friendship, looked upon him as a prodigy of learning and good-nature. Whenever he appeared abroad, which was but seldom, he was surrounded by a crowd of the idle or the facetious; who followed him, not to be improved, but to laugh. Of this he frequently complained, but there

was no redress; the more he fretted, he became only the more ridiculous. An action of his, however, soon made him more truly ridiculous than before: curiosity leading him one day to see an execution, he returned home pensive and melancholy, and could not forbear reflecting on what he had seen. He desired to know what were the pains and symptoms a malefactor felt upon such an occasion, and communicated to his chum the cause of his strange curiosity; in short, he resolved to tuck himself up for a trial; at the same time desiring his companion to take him down at a signal agreed upon.

The companion, whose name was Contarine, was to try the same experiment himself immediately after. Berkeley was accordingly tied up to the ceiling, and the chair taken from under his feet; but soon losing the use of his senses, his companion, it seems, waited a little too long for the signal agreed upon, and our enquirer had like to have been hanged in good earnest; for as soon as he was taken down, he fell senseless and motionless upon the floor. After some trouble, however, he was brought to himself; and observing his band, "Bless my heart, Contarine, says he, you have quite rumpled my band." When it came to Contarine's turn to go up, he quickly evaded the proposal: the other's danger had quite abated his curiosity.

Still, however, Berkeley proceeded in his studies with unabated ardour. A fellowship in that college is attained by superior learning only; the candidates are examined in the most public manner, in an amphitheatre erected for that purpose, and great numbers of the nobility and gentry are present upon the occasion. This examination he passed with the utmost applause, and was made a fellow, the only reward of learning that kingdom has to bestow.

Metaphysical studies are generally the amusement of the indolent and inquisitive: his business as a fellow, allowed him sufficient leisure, and his genius prompted him to scrutinize into every abstruse subject. He soon, therefore was regarded as one of the best metaphysicians in Europe; his logic was looked upon rather as the work of a man skilled in metaphysics, than in the dialect of the schools; his treatise upon matter was also thought to be the most ingenious paradox that ever amused learned leisure; and many were the answers made to it by the literati of Europe.

His fame as a scholar, but more his conversation as a man of wit and good nature, soon procured him the friendship and esteem of every person of fortune and understanding; among the rest, Swift, that lover, yet derider of human nature, became one of the most intimate; and it was by his recommendation that he was introduced to the earl of Peterborough, who made him his chaplain, and took him, as his companion, on a tour through Europe.

Some time after his return, he was promoted to a deanery, in which situation he wrote his Minute Philosopher, one of the most elegant and genteel defences of that religion which he was born to vindicate, both by his virtues and ingenuity. It was at this time also, that he attempted to establish an university for our American colonies, in Bermudas, one of the Summer islands. Doctor Depusch, an excellent musician, and some others of great abilities, were engaged in this design, and actually embarked in order to put it in execution; but the ship being cast away, Berkeley was left to contrive something else to the advantage of his country.

He interested himself deeply in a scheme for improving the English language, by a society of wits and men of genius, established for that purpose, in imitation of the academy of France; in this design Swift, Bolingbroke, and others, were united; but the whole dropt by the death of Queen Anne, and the removal of Harley from the office of prime minister.

His friendship and connections, however, did not, as was the case with Swift and some others, prevent his promotion; he was made bishop of Cloyne; and sure no clergyman had juster pretensions to the mitre! No man was more assiduous or punctual in his duty, none exacted it more strictly from his inferior clergy, yet no bishop was ever more beloved by them. He spent his time with the utmost chearfulness, innocence, and humanity; the meanest peasant within ten miles of his seat was familiar with him; those of them that wanted shared his bounty; and those that did not, had his friendship and advice. The country which was desolate and unimproved, he took the utmost pains to improve, and attempted to set an example of the proper methods of agriculture to the farmer, as he had before of piety and benevolence to the whole kingdom.

Metaphysical studies were still his amusement, and the dispensations of charity he looked upon as his duty

——But the opinions of metaphysicians he, at last, began to contemn, and to doubt of the certainty, not only of every argument upon this subject, but even of the science. He therefore turned his thoughts to more beneficial studies, to politics and medicine, and gave instances in both to what he could have done, had he made either his particular study.

In politics, a pamphlet published by him, intituled, The Querist, is a fine instance of his skill, and was attended with some beneficial circumstances to his native country.——His treatise on tar-water rendered him more popular than any of his preceding productions, at the same time that it was the most whimsical of them all. Here he pretends to prove, *a priori*, the effects of this, sometimes, valuable medicine; but then he extends them to every, and even opposite disorders.—The public were long undeceived before his lordship, who was the inventor, could be so. He had built an hospital at his own expence near his gate, and to it all the poor were welcome; he attended them himself as physician; dosed them with tar-water, of the virtues of which he was entirely confident. His intention in this particular cannot be applauded, though, perhaps, the success might have answered his expectations. Perhaps he carried his veneration for tar-water to an excess: he drank it abundantly himself and attempted to mend the constitution of his children by the same regimen: this, however, he could never effect; and, perhaps, his desire of improving their health and their understanding, at which he laboured most assiduously, might have impaired both. But his faults, if we know of any, all proceeded from motives of humanity, benevolence, and good-nature.

He preserved the closest intimacy with the gentlemen of the neighbourhood; and while he cultivated the duties of his station, he was not averse to the innocent amusements of life: music he was particularly fond of, and always kept one or two exquisite performers to amuse his leisure hours.

His income he was entirely contented with; and when offered by the earl of Chesterfield, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, a bishopric much more beneficial than that he possessed, he declined it, with these words, "I love the neighbours, and they love me; why then should I begin, in my old days, to form new connections, and tear myself from those friends whose kindness to me is the

greatest happiness I enjoy?" acting, in this instance, like Plutarch, who being asked, "why he resided in his native city, so obscure and so little?" "I stay, said he, lest it should grow less." But, at length, finding his health and constitution impaired beyond the power of medicine, even of his own tar-water, he removed towards the end of the year 1752, to Oxford, an university he always loved, and at which he received a great part of his education, in hopes of receiving some benefit from the change of air. His principal motive, however, was that he might himself superintend the education of his son, whom he took along with him; and the prospect of enjoying two or three years among the literati of that famous seminary.

After a short passage, and a very pleasant journey, he arrived at that famous seat of learning, where he was visited by many of his former friends and admirers: but the certainty there was of speedily losing him, greatly damped the pleasure they would otherwise have had in his company. In a short time after his arrival, he expired, on the 14th of January, 1753, greatly regretted by the poor, whom he loved, and the learned, whom he had improved.

HAIR POWDER.

HAIR powder was first introduced by ballad singers at the fair of St. Germaine, in the year 1641. In the beginning of the reign of George the First, only two ladies wore powder in their hair, and they were pointed at for their singularity. At the coronation of George II. there was only two hair dressers in London. In the year 1795, it was calculated, that there were in the kingdom of Great Britain, fifty thousand hair-dressers! supposing each of them to use one pound of flour in a day,—this upon an average would amount to 18,250,000 pounds in one year, which would make 5,314,280 quartern loaves, which at only nine-pence each, amounts to one million, one hundred and forty six thousand, four hundred and twenty pounds British money. This statement does not take in the quantity of flour used by the soldiers, or that which is consumed by those who dress their own hair.

Were such a man as Swift to write a volume of allegorical travels, he might describe the English, as a people who wear *three-penny loaves* on their heads, by way of *ornament*.

THE EFFECT OF MUSIC ON DIFFERENT ANIMALS.

THOSE who pretend that the love of music, and especially instrumental music, is a natural instinct, say that even brute animals are sensible of it. One day, when I was in the country, I resolved to try if it were true; and while a person played on a trump-marine properly tuned, I considered with attention the effect on a cat, a dog, a horse, an ass, a doe, some cows, some small birds, and a cock and hens; all which were in a court-yard, directly under a window out of which I leaned.

As for the cat, she did not seem to be at all sensible of the sound of the instrument; and, to judge by her deportment, she would have given all the music in the world for a single mouse: she did not shew the least mark of pleasure, but basked quietly in the sun. The horse stopped short before the window, and lifted up his head now and then, while he was grazing. The dog sat on his backside like a monkey, keeping his eyes fixed all the time on the person who played. He continued in this attitude more than an hour, and seemed to comprehend what was going forward. The ass gave no token of sensibility, but kept on calmly eating his thistles. The doe raised her large ears, and seemed very attentive. The cows stopped a little, and, after having looked as if to see whether they knew us, went on their way. The small birds, some in an aviary, and others on the trees, seemed as if they would burst themselves with singing. The cock, solely attentive to the hens, and the hens entirely employed in scratching the ground, gave no indication that they received any pleasure from hearing a trump-marine.

Shakspeare, in *the Merchant of Venice*, thus describes the effect of music on horses:

> "——Do but note a wild and wanton herd,
> Or race of youthful and unbridled colts,
> Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing round,
> Which is the hot condition of their blood;
> If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
> Or any air of music touch their ears,
> You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
> Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
> By the sweet power of music."

THE ANCIENT STATE OF LETTERS IN ENGLAND.

THERE was a time in this kingdom, when letters were so low, that whoever could prove himself, in a court of justice, able to read a verse in the New Testament, was vested with the highest privileges; and a clergyman, who knew any thing of grammar, was looked upon as a prodigy. In those enlightened days, a rector of a parish, as we are told, going to law with his parishioners about paving the church, quoted this authority as from St. Peter: "*paveant illi, non paveam ego;*" which he construed, "they are to pave the church, not I:" and this was allowed to be good law by a judge, who was an ecclesiastic too. Alfred the Great complained, towards the end of the ninth century, that "from the Humber to the Thames there was not a priest, who understood the liturgy in his mother-tongue, or who could translate the easiest piece of Latin:" and a correspondent of Abelard, about the middle of the twelfth, complimenting him upon a resort of pupils from all countries, says, that even Britain, distant as she was, sent her savages to be instructed by him"—*remota Britania sua animalia erudienda destinabat.*

If the clergy had then, as they are said to have had, all the learning among themselves, what a blessed state must the laity have been in? And so indeed it appears, for there is extant an old act of parliament, which provides, that "a nobleman shall be entitled to the benefit of his clergy, even though he cannot read:" and another law, cited by Judge Rolls in his Abridgement, sets forth, that "the command of the sheriff to his officer, by word of mouth, and without writing, is good; for it may be, that neither the sheriff nor his officer can write or read." Who can say that such halcyon times may not return? When we contemplate the ignorance and dissipation of the great, whom the little are sure to follow: when we consider their not only neglect, but even contempt, of letters; their gambling, and low amusements; their luxury; the avarice, meanness, and selfishness, which prevail among them—when we consider all this, and more, can we forbear to exclaim, that "signs following signs lead on the mighty year?"

THEORETIC SPECULATION.

THE attention of philosophers and naturalists was at a certain period long and ardently excited by a number of fossil skeletons discovered in a marsh on the banks of the Ohio. These were considered at the time, as bones of elephants, but afterwards proved by an eminent and indefatigable anatomist, not to be remains of that animal, but of a species of the carnivorous kind, more enormous in bulk, and now wholly extinct or unknown.

The subject has been scientifically investigated by an ingenious German and well-informed mineralogist, Mr. Raspe, who has resided long in England; he controverts some of the positions of the learned professor, and others he apparently confirms: but the difficulty of accounting for animals, no longer existing in countries where they seem at a certain time to have been numerous, still remains unexplained; it has escaped the sagacity of Gmelin, the genius of Buffon, and the minute research of Daubenton.

A modern theorist of a lively and eccentric cast has, in his own opinion, *easily* solved the mystery, by *supposing* that the bones in question are the remains of certain angelic beings, the original tenants of this our terrestrial globe in its primitive state; till for the transgressions both were involved in ruin; after which, this shattered planet was refitted for the accommodation of its present inhabitants!!!

But romance out of the question, is it not possible to account for such an assemblage of creatures, in a country where they no longer exist, by *supposing* that at some remote period, the place in which they were found, *might* have laid in the tract of a conqueror, unknown to the historians of Europe; that it might have been the scene of a battle, and the animals in question, part of the baggage train, destroyed by slaughter or disease, and left in the hurry of flight, or of pursuit, to puzzle and set at defiance generations then unborn: chronology so remote is a *terra incognita*, to the philosopher as well as the historian.

REFORM.

"IT is better," says a modern writer, "that reformation should be difficult, or even unattainable, than that laws should be uncertain, and the enjoyment of life and property precarious."

Being asked, if reform was never to be risked? he

almost confessed as much, for a reason, personal, and not at all applicable to the subject, " because the promoters of it, will, in every instance, be sacrificed, as the bulk of mankind always think enough has not been done."

Another of his reasons for delay is, " that abuse should become decrepid, hoary, and in its dotage, before you attack it; any institution, law, or custom, generally despised and ridiculed, however colossal, must, in a given time, tumble to the ground unsupported; its removal *then* will not endanger public tranquillity.

" I consider every evil as trifling, when compared to rouzing the vengeance, and exciting the energies of that omnipotent sovereign, the people; in a word, I prefer the leprosy, the itch, and a thousand little nasty teazing diseases, which fret a man dismally, I confess, to the plague, to pestilence, and famine. I would rather pay a government of my own countrymen, ten, or even twenty per cent, of all I possess, than be stripped by a Gallic pro-consul."

THE POET COWPER.

FROM CECIL'S MEMOIRS OF THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

THERE has gone forth an unfounded report, that the deplorable melancholy of Cowper, was, in part, derived from his residence and connections at Olney. The fact, however, is the reverse of this; which is attested by living witnesses, and confirmed by a MS. of the poet; with the perusal of which I was favoured by Mr. N.

It most evidently appears, that symptoms of Mr. Cowper's morbid state began to discover themselves in his earliest youth. He seems to have been at all times disordered, in a greater or less degree. He was sent to Westminster school at the age of nine years, and long endured the tyranny of an elder boy, of which he gives a shocking account in the paper above mentioned; and which 'produced,' as one of his biographers observes, who had long intimacy with him, 'an indelible effect upon his mind through life.'—A person so naturally bashful and depressed as Cowper, must needs find the profession of a barrister a farther occasion of anxiety: the post obtained for him by his friends in the house of Lords overwhelmed him; and the remonstrances which those friends made against his relinquishing so honourable and lucrative an appointment, (but which soon after actually took place,] greatly increased the anguish of a mind already incapacitated for business. To all this were

added events, which of themselves have been found sufficient to overset the minds of the strongest; namely, the decease of his particular friend and intimate Sir William Russel; and his meeting with a disappointment in obtaining a lady, upon whom his affections were placed.

But the state of a person, torn and depressed (not by his religious connections, but) by adverse circumstances, and these meeting naturally morbid sensibility, long before he knew Olney, or had formed any connection with its inhabitants, will best appear from some verses which he had sent at this time to one of his female relations, and for the communication of which, we are indebted to Mr. Hayley:

" Doom'd as I am, in solitude to waste
The present moments, and regret the past;
Deprived of every joy I valued most,
My friend torn from me, and my mistress lost;
Call not this gloom I wear, this anxious mein,
The dull effect of humour or of spleen!
Still, still I mourn with each returning day,
Him---snatch'd by fate in early youth, away;
And her---through tedious years of doubt and pain.
Fix'd in her choice, and faithful---but in vain.
See me---ere yet my destin'd course half done,
Cast forth a wand'rer on a wild unknown!
See me, neglected on the world's rude coast,
Each dear companion of my voyage lost!
Nor ask, why clouds of sorrow shade my brow,
And ready tears wait only leave to flow;
Why all that soothes a heart, from anguish free,
All that delights the happy---palls with me?"

That any man, under such pressures, should at first turn his mind to those resources which religion alone can afford, is both natural and rational. But Mr. Cowper was like a person looking from a high tower, who perceives only the danger of falling, but neither the security nor prospect it presents; and therefore it is no wonder, with so melancholy, morbid, and susceptible a mind, that his unhappiness should be increased.—And yet this very mind of Cowper, when put under the care of Dr. Cotton, of St. Albans (a physician as capable of administering to the spiritual, as to the natural maladies of his patients) received the first consolation it ever tasted, and that from evangelical truths. It was under the care of this physician, that Mr. C. first obtained a clear view of those sublime and animating truths, which so distinguished and exalted his future strains as a poet.

Here also he received the settled tranquillity and peace which he enjoyed for several years afterwards. So far, therefore, was his constitutional malady from being produced or increased by his evangelical connections, either at St. Albans or at Olney, that he seems never to have had any settled peace but from the truths he learned in these societies. It appears that among them alone he found the only sunshine he ever enjoyed, through the cloudy day of his afflicted life.

It appears also that, while at Dr. Cotton's, Mr. Cowper's distress was, for a long time, entirely removed, by marking that passage in Rom. iii. 25. "Him hath God set forth as a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past." In this scripture he saw the remedy, which God provides for the relief of a guilty conscience, with such clearness, that for several years after, his heart was filled with love, and his life occupied with prayer, praise, and doing good to his needy fellow-creatures.

Mr. N. told me, that, from Mr. Cowper's first coming to Olney, it was observed he had studied his Bible with such advantage, and was so well acquainted with its design, that not only his troubles were removed, but that, to the end of his life, he never had clearer views of the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel than when he first became an attendant upon them; that (short intervals excepted) Mr. Cowper enjoyed a course of peace for several successive years; that, during this period, the inseparable attendants of a lively faith appeared, by Mr. Cowper's exerting himself to the utmost of his power in every benevolent service he could render to his poor neighbours; and that Mr. N. used to consider him as a sort of curate, from his constant attendance upon the sick and afflicted in that large and necessitous parish.

But the malady, which seemed to be subdued by the strong consolations of the Gospel, was still latent, and only required some occasion of irritation to break out again, and overwhelm the patient. Any object of constant attention that shall occupy a mind previously disordered, whether fear, or love, or science, or religion, will not be so much the cause of the disease as the accidental occasion of exciting it. Cowper's letters will shew us how much his mind was occupied at one time by the truths of the Bible, and at another time by the fictions of Homer; but his melancholy was originally a constitutional disease

—a physical disorder, which, indeed, could be affected either by the Bible or by Homer, but was utterly distinct in its nature from the mere matter of either. And here I cannot but mark this necessary distinction; having often been witness to cases where religion has been assigned as the proper cause of insanity, when it has been only an accidental occasion, in the case of one already affected *. Thus Cowper's malady, like a strong current, breaking down the banks which had hitherto sustained the pressure and obliquity of its course, prevailed against the supports he had received, and precipitated him again into his former distress.

I inquired of Mr. N. as to the manner in which Mr. Cowper's disorder returned, after an apparent recovery of nearly nine years continuance; and was informed, that the first symptoms were discovered one morning in his discourse, soon after he had undertaken a new engagement in composition.

As a general and full account of this extraordinary genius is already before the public, such particulars would not have occupied so much room in these memoirs, but with a view of removing the false statements that have been made.

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* I have been an eye witness of several instances of this kind of misrepresentation, but will detain the reader with mentioning only one. I was called to visit a woman whose mind was disordered, and, on my observing that it was a case which required the assistance of a physician, rather than that of a clergyman, her husband replied; "Sir, we sent to you, because it is a religious case---her mind has been injured by constantly reading the Bible." I have known many instances, said I, of persons brought to their senses by reading the Bible; but it is possible, that too intense an application to that, as well as to any other subject, may have disordered your wife. "There is every proof of it," said he; and was proceeding to multiply his proofs, till his brother interrupted him by thus addressing me:

"Sir, I have no longer patience to stand by and see you imposed on. The truth of the matter is this; my brother has forsaken his wife, and been long connected with a loose woman. He had the best of wives in her, and one who was strongly attached to him: but she has seen his heart and property given to another, and in her solitude and distress, went to the Bible, as the only consolation left her. Her health and spirits at length sunk under her troubles; and there she lies distracted, not from reading her Bible, but from the infidelity and cruelty of her husband."---Does the reader wish to know what reply the husband made to this? He made no reply at all, but left the room with confusion of face!

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

A Poetical Translation of the Works of Horace, with the original Text and critical Notes, by P. Francis, D. D. a new Edition, with additional Notes, by Edward Du Bois, Esq. of the Hon. Society of the the Inner Temple. 4 *vols.* 12*mo.* 21*s. all the Booksellers.*

The works of Horace are, it is true, not for to-day or to-morrow, but like those of our Shakspeare, "*for all time*," and for every season of life, boyhood and old age. What Mr. Du Bois has also said of the translator, may with at least equal propriety be affirmed of the original bard: "His literary labours have passed the ordeal of many years of criticism, and his reputation is fixed."—*Introduction*, iii. It is now no time to canvass his merits, and Mr. D. has justly admitted the inequality of Dr. Francis's adding, after critically pointing out the difficulty of the undertaking, that "it is not too much to affirm, in justice to Dr. Francis, that it will be long before any one shall be found amongst Englishmen, to dispute his right to share the favor due to the Roman poet, and to pursue him with honour in his unrivalled course." p. iv. In this opinion we perfectly concur, and, before we quote several of the comments, congratulate the public on this improved edition of Francis's Horace, which is not only enriched with many new notes by Mr. Du Bois, and his friends, Sir Philip Francis, and the Rev. Stephen Weston, but also by a purified text, and the judicious restoration of odes and passages, omitted in former editions of this work.

As a specimen of the additional commentary, we shall select one or two notes, in the substance of which we differ, as well as some of the remainder, on which we entertain no dissimilarity of opinion. Mr. Weston's comments are numerous, and for the most part display considerable acuteness and discrimination. His learning,

however, appears occasionally to be more curious and fanciful than sound and convincing. On the passage

Quantâ laboras in Charybdi!
Digne, puer, meliore flammâ.
Lib. 1. od. 27.

he remarks—"on reading this passage, the mixture of metaphor brings to our recollection the words of Quintilian —"Sunt qui cum ab incendio initium sumpserint, tempestate finiunt." Here Horace begins with *water* and ends with *fire*. Perhaps the text is not quite correct. It is possible that the poet might have written

Quantâ laboras in Chalybdi!

What an iron-hearted damsel you are in love with! *Chalybdis* is a lady of the Chalybes, a people that excelled in iron. Horace had authority for the formation of this word, as we find χαλυβδικος in Euripides: ατερ χαλυβδικου, *sine ferro*, and the country where the iron mines were is, χαλυβδικη. See Eurip. Heraclid. ver. 162, and Lycophron 1109, where χαλυβδικω is Æolicè for χαλυβικω: thus *Chalybis* from *Chalybs* is *Chalybdis*."

Mr. Du Bois seems to be of our opinion, for he observes on this interpretation, "a perusal of the above note may, perhaps, tempt some pleasant critic to represent my friend Mr. Weston as having shown that he is able *laborare in Charybdi* in a new sense of the phrase. There is however much ingenuity in his comment; but I must confess that I think with Dacier, who gives *laborare in Charybdi* as a proverbial expression, signifying *se trouver dans un pas fâcheux;* and Desprez considers the allusion to be to an avaricious prostitute, *avara meretrix*."

Dr. F. reads "*ferro, et*" in lib. 111. od. 27. v. 46, but Mr. D. makes this judicious comment—"*Et* weakens the energy of this passage. So after *copiam*, ver. 9. and *negotio*, ver. 49. ode 29. lib. 3. where it is in both cases an incumbrance. The same may be said of that noble passage in Virgil:

Micat auribus *et* tremit artus
Collectumque premens.

Intremit is, I have no doubt, the true reading. In ver. 21. lib. 11. Carm. 3. I have omitted *et* with Wakefield and others.

Many of Mr. Du Bois' notes have much pleasantry in them, as well as critical taste and erudition. We shall

give one previous to some observation on a singular passage in the odes.

" *Infamis Helenæ.* Stesichorus was the poet, who in his verses exposed Helen to infamy. His reward was the loss of his eyes, which, on his singing a Palinodia, were restored to him. The infamy of Helen seems to be a little softened down by Coluthus Lycopolites, a Theban poet, when he calls his poem, *The Rape of Helen.* On this title, however, as I learn from a commentator on the work, Sir Edward Sherburne, makes the following, not unpleasant remark :—' The word *rape* must not be taken in the common acceptation of the expression. For Paris was more courtly than to offer, and Helen more kind hearted than to suffer such a violence.' The annotator continues to observe, " that Virgil, in the first book of the Æneid, says, *Pergama cum peteret*; and the word *peteret* implies, that the quitting of her country and going with Paris was an act she desired as well as consented to; and thus much the poem itself makes good.

" The beginning of the Palinodia of Stesichorus is preserved by Plato; and there we find this phrase, οὐκ ἔστιν Περγαμα Τροιης, which contradicts the assertion of the Roman poet; and from a line quoted by the Scholiast on Lycophron, Stesichorus would make us believe that the Trojans only took away her picture. Infidels, on the subject of Troy and all its concerns, will consult Mr. Bryant with great satisfaction." Lib. v. od. 27. v. 42.

The passage just now alluded to is in lib. xi. od. 20.

Non ego, pauperum
Sanguis parentum, non ego (quem vocant)
Dilecte Mæcenas, obibo
Nec Stygiâ cohibebor undâ.

Dr. F. reads *quem vocant*, and we have here a most ingenious comment by Mr. Fowke of Calcutta, furnished to Mr. D. by Sir Philip Francis, to prove that *quem vocas* is the true reading; and to this reading he gives an interpretation never before thought of. Omitting much of the illustration, we shall give the substance briefly.

" The poet supposes himself changed into a bird, and mounting into the skies. *Cycnum—in altos nubium tractus.* Cann. l. iv. 2. with Mæcenas anxiously looking up and calling after him : " whom you call," *que vous rappellez.*

Siste gradum, teque aspectu ne subtrahe nostro.
Quem fugis? Æn. lib. vi.

There can be no better illustration of *quem vocas.*"

"Joseph Fowke told Mr. Francis" (now Sir Philip) "that he had mentioned this criticism many years ago to Samuel Johnson, who, after rolling himself about *suo more*, said, 'Sir, you are right!" Mr. Wakefield also said "that there could be no doubt of it."

New and very ingenious as this is, with all the above authority at its back, it does not quite satisfy us, though it leads us to something which may. That *quem vocas* is the true reading we have no doubt. All the MSS. run so —but when we reject Mr. Fowke's interpretation we are by no means led by the ambiguity of the collocation to fall in with the common one, *quem vocas dilecte*, i. e. *tibi dilectum*, but to submit a construction, which we think preferable to both.

Horace had before applied the epithet of *Cycnus Dircæus* to Pindar: and had contrasted his own various but humbler flights by comparing them to those of a Bee:

> Multa Dircæum levat aura Cycnum,
> Tendit, Antoni, quoties in altos
> Nubium tractus. Ego apis Matinæ
> More modoque.
> Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
> Plurimum, circa nemus invidique
> Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus
> Carmina fingo. Lib. iv. 2.

Now we know that Mæcenas was not only a man of taste and literature, a lover of poetry and a friend to poets, but that, in some degree at least, he cultivated poetry himself. He probably was charmed with the numbers and lyric spirit of Horace, and had complimented him as the *Ausonian Swan*, with a friendly censure on his modesty in claiming no other character than that of a *bee*. We suppose then that Horace replies in this ascribed character. And this at the same time takes off from the apparent arrogance of the assumption.— *Non ego quem vocas*, that is, *quem vocas Cycnum*, ὁν Κυκλον καλεις; as in Homer, ὁν Βριαρεω καλευσι Θεοι, *I whom you call a swan* shall indeed become so. I shall, as such be known and revered by posterity. Every river of the habitable earth will recognize me! This, we venture to confess, appears to us the most probable interpretation. It is certainly as easy to supply *Cycnum*, if this were any answer to a little poem, in which Mæcenas had so called him, as to supply *pauperum sanguis parentum*, or any other expression, which is included in the elliptic

expression *quem vocas* or *quem vocant*, according to the general construction; and which indeed must be included, unless Mr. Fowke's conjecture should be the truth. Now tho' κκλειν and *vocare* are both occasionally used as *inclamare*, yet when nothing further appears in the context, their more obvious construction is *appellare hoc vel illud.* Sed de his et omnibus suum cuique liberum esto judicium.—We can spare no more space than will afford us room to say, that the new notes present an abundance of entertainment as well as instruction, and that this edition of Horace, its arrangement and correctness are highly honorable to the elegant and learned author of the *Wreath.*

Travelling Recreations, By William Parsons, Esq. 12*mo. Longman*, 1807.

Mr. Parsons, who we believe has not ventured before the public since the Baviad's stinging notice of his *one ode, three sonnets, and an epigram*, is not ambitious of being separated from the *mob of gentlemen who write with ease:* with these humble pretentions, he has afforded us a very agreeable amusement, and that our readers may participate in the pleasure we have received from the perusal of this collection, we shall extract the following SONG, *for a dinner given when the author was studying* CHEMISTRY *at Edinburgh in the year* 1800.

'A student I am, and a chemist I'll live,
Since chemistry wine, and good living, can give,
Lavoisier I read, Doctor Hope* I attend,
But my study is pleasure with science to blend:
I hear of azotic, and oxygen gasses,
Galoric's a fluid *repulsive*, they say;
But here is a fluid, which all these surpasses,
For wine is *attractive*—and makes the heart gay!

Of angles, and triangles, Playfair † may preach,
But this I'll *demonstrate* whatever he teach,—
If broad at the base, and sufficiently tall,
A bottle can please—with no angles at all!
—Of *cause*, and *effect*, Stewart ‡ tells us indeed,
His sytem is good, and no fault I detect;
But this maxim I knew, ere I came o'er the Tweed,
That good wine is a *cause*—and good mirth an *effect*?

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* The Chemical Professor. † The Mathematical Professor.
‡ The Professor of Moral Philosophy.

From Dalzel || I learn, by his erudite pow'rs
That the wines of the ancients were better than ours;
And I glow at the names of Anacreon and Flaccus,
The rogues were such lovers of Venus and Bacchus!
—As the Scots so renown'd are sor wisdom and knowledge,
I came hither, some further improvements to seek;
But this I'll maintain, thro' all forms of the college,
Compotatio's good latin—ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΟΝ good greek!

And science we find is now grown so bewitching,
From the garret we trace her, quite down to the kitchen!
While boilers, and roasters, sage Rumford applies,
Which delight our professors, our ladies surprise;
Tho' the cook maids lament, and declare 'tis quite cruel
To puzzle their nobs with such new ways to dine,
His scheme may be good to economise fuel,
But let *him* save our *coals*—we will not save our wine!'

Memoirs of the Rev. John Newton, late Rector of the United Parishes of St. Mary Woolnoth and St. Mary Woolchurch Haw, Lombard-street; with general Remarks on his Life, Connections, and Character. 2nd edit. corrected. By Richard Cecil, A. M. Minister of St. John's, Bedford Row, 12mo. 4s. *Hatchard,* 1808.

The extraordinary history of Mr. Newton, previously to his entering into the ministry; the irregularities of his youth, his sufferings on board different vessels, his cruel treatment, when in the service of a trader on the coast of Africa, and the perils he encountered while master of a slave ship in several voyages to Guinea, with his miraculous escape from various dangers both on shore and at sea; form such a combination of occurrences as cannot fail to render his *Memoirs* peculiarly interesting. But we do not recommend this volume merely as a *Narrative* of singular facts. As a moral and religious character, Mr. Newton was as eminently distinguished after he arrived at maturity, as he was in the younger part of his life, remarkable for profligacy and infidelity. The manner in which so important a change in his principles and conduct was effected is fully detailed, and we think no reader can pass over this part of the work without instruction and improvement. Most of the leading circumstances of his life are extracted from the narrative, published several years ago by Mr. Newton himself, and

|| The Greek Professor.

from the *letters to his wife*, a publication, which, tho' it shews the honest and amiable simplicity of his character, might and we think ought to have been kept from the public eye.

The following account of that truly benevolent and noble minded gentleman, the late John Thornton, Esq. will no doubt be acceptable to our readers.

" It is said of Solomon, that the Lord gave him largeness of heart, even as the sand on the sea shore: such a peculiar disposition for whatever was good and benevolent was also bestowed on Mr. Thornton. He differed as much from rich men of ordinary bounty, as they do from others that are parsimonious. Nor was this bounty the result of occasional impulse, like a summer shower, violent and short; on the contrary, it proceeded like a river, pouring its waters through various countries, copious and inexhaustible. Nor could those obstructions of imposture and ingratitude, which have often been advanced as the cause of damming up other streams, prevent or retard the course of this. The generosity of Mr. Thornton, indeed, frequently met with such hinderances, and led him to increasing discrimination, but the stream of his bounty never ceased to hold its course. Deep, silent, and overwhelming, it still rolled on, nor ended even with his life.

" But the fountain from whence this beneficence flowed, and by which its permanency and direction were maintained, must not be concealed. Mr. Thornton was a Christian. Let no one, however, so mistake me here, as to suppose that I mean nothing more by the term *Christian*, than the state of one who, convinced of the truth of revelation, gives assent to its doctrines—regularly attends its ordinances—and maintains an external, moral, and religious deportment. Such a one may have a name to live while he is dead; he may have a form of godliness without the power of it—he may even be found denying and ridiculing that power—till at length, he can only be convinced of his error at an infallible tribunal; where a widow, that gives but a mite, or a publican, that smites on his breast, shall be preferred before him.

" Mr. Thornton was a Christian indeed, that is, he was alive to God by a spiritual regeneration. With this God he was daily and earnestly transacting that infinitely momentous affair, the salvation of his own soul; and

next to that, the salvation of the souls of others. Temperate in all things, though mean in nothing, he made provision for doing good with his opulence: and seemed to be most in his element when appropriating a considerable part of his large income to the necessities of others.

"But Mr. Thornton possessed that discrimination in his attempts to serve his fellow-creatures, which distinguishes an enlightened mind: he habitually contemplated man, as one who has not only a body, subject to want, affliction, and death, but also a spirit, which is immortal, and must be happy or miserable for ever. He, therefore, felt that the noblest exertions of charity are those which are directed to the relief of the noblest part of our species. Accordingly he left no mode of exertion untried to relieve man under his natural ignorance and depravity. To this end, he purchased advowsons and presentations, with a view to place in parishes the most enlightened, active, and useful ministers. He employed the extensive commerce in which he was engaged, as a powerful instrument for conveying immense quantities of Bibles, Prayer Books, and the most useful publications, to every place visited by our trade. He printed at his own sole expense, large editions of the latter for that purpose; and it may safely be affirmed that there is scarcely a part of the known world, where such books could be introduced, which did not feel the salutary influence of this single individual.

"Nor was Mr. Thornton limited in his views of promoting the interests of real religion, with what sect soever it was connected. He stood ready to assist a beneficial design in every party, but would be the creature of none. General good was his object, and wherever or however it made its way, his maxim seemed constantly to be, *valeat quantum valere potest.*

"But the nature and extent of his liberality will be greatly misconceived, if any one should suppose it confined to moral and religious objects, though the grandest and most comprehensive exertions of it. Mr. Thornton was a philanthropist on the largest scale—the friend of man under all his wants. His manner of relieving his fellow men was princely; instances might be mentioned of it, were it proper to particularize, which would surprise those who did not know Mr. Thornton. They were so much out of ordinary course and expectation,

that I know some, who felt it their duty to inquire of him, whether the sum they had received was sent by his intention or by mistake?—To this may be added, that the manner of presenting his gifts was as delicate and concealed, as the measure was large.

"Beside this constant course of private donations, there was scarcely a public charity, or occasion of relief to the indigent or necessitous, which did not meet with his distinguished support. His only question was, "May the miseries of man in any measure be removed or alleviated?" Nor was he merely distinguished by stretching out a liberal hand: his benevolent heart was so intent on doing good, that he was ever inventing and promoting plans for its diffusion at home or abroad.

"He that wisely desires any end will as wisely regard the means; in this Mr. Thornton was perfectly consistent. In order to execute his beneficent designs, he observed frugality and exactness in his personal expences. By such prospective methods he was able to extend the influence of his fortune far beyond those who, in still more elevated stations, are slaves to expensive habits. Such men meanly pace in trammels of the tyrant custom till it leaves them scarcely enough to preserve their conscience, or even their credit, much less to employ their talents in Mr. Thornton's nobler pursuits. He, however, could *afford* to be generous; and while he was generous, did not forget his duty in being *just*. He made ample provision for his children; and though, while they are living, it would be indelicate to say more, I am sure of speaking truth when I say, they are so far from thinking themselves impoverished by the bounty of their father, that they contemplate with the highest satisfaction the fruit of those benefits to society which he planted—which, it may be trusted, will extend with time itself—and which, after his example, they still labour to extend.

"But, with all the piety and liberality of this honoured character, no man had deeper views of his own unworthiness before his God; to the Redeemer's work alone he looked for acceptance of his person and services; he felt that all he did, or could do, was infinitely short of that which had been done for him, and of the obligations that were thereby laid upon him. It was this abasedness of heart towards God, combined with the most singular

largeness of heart toward his fellow-creatures, which distinguished John Thornton among men."

Mr. Cecil has executed his duty as a biographer, ably and impartially.

The Causes of the increase of Methodism and Dissention, and of the popularity of what is called Evangelical Preaching, and the means of obviating them, considered in a Sermon, preached at the visitation of the Rev. the Archdeacon of Leicester, held at Melton Mowbray, June 20th 1805, *and subjoined appendixes, &c. &c. By Robert Acklom Ingram, B. D. Rector of Segrave, Leicestershire.* 8vo. *4s. Hatchard.* 1807.

It is a general opinion that the established church is in more danger from the prevalence of methodism, than it would be subject to if the Catholic claims were admitted in their full extent. Without at all contesting this point, we concur with Mr. Ingram in attributing the increase of methodism in a great degree, to the indolence or want of talent in the clergy; who satisfied with their benefices and livings, doze over their own *printed sermons*, and encourage their SMALL congregations to take a comfortable nap with the preacher. The neglect of the clergy at large, (numerous exceptions there are no doubt,) both as to the duties of the pulpit and the parish, is notorious; and hence arises the vast influence which men of ability and perseverence, in what is called the methodistical persuasion, over the minds and affections of their hearers. If this evil be not reformed, methodism will continue to increase, and deservedly so continue, for attention to the mere *form* of devotion, without its enlivening spirit, will neither attract a congregation or be of any benefit to when assembled.

Rays of Genius, collected to enlighten the Rising Generation. By Thomas Tomkins. 2 vols. 12*mo.* 15*s. Longman.*

A compilation of essays in which the author has shewn much taste and judgment. The subjects are interesting and important, and the author has not forgotten that "*brevity* is the soul of wit."

Conversation: a Didactic Poem, in Three Parts. By William Cooke, Esq. large 8vo. 4*s. Phillips.* 1807.

Sensible and correct, but tedious and too often prosaic. Didactic poetry need not be brilliant, but it should be sufficiently animated. Many of the passages, however, are forcible as well as elegant, and the thoughts are in general just, and often striking.

Letters on the subject of the Duties on Coffee. By Edgar Corrie, Esq. 8vo. *Cadell and Davies.* 1808.

The letters are addressed to the *Chancellor of the Exchequer* and the author repels all the objections which have been, or may be urged, against the measure he proposes; he wishes the duty to be reduced to 2^{d} per pound, a reduction which will tend to suppress smuggling, add to the comfort and nourishment of the people, relieve the growers of coffee, and diminish the hopes of the enemy to obtain great and future durable advantages, by impairing the colonial commerce and resources of this kingdom. As to the East India company who would probably resist the desired reduction. Mr. C. contends that "the commerce of the East India company to China, will comparatively suffer little diminution from the most full effect of the measure purposed, which would, besides, essentially promote the shipping interest of the kingdom." And with respect to the tea brokers, supposing that their interest would suffer by such a reduction of the duties on coffee, he urges, that the health and comfort of the people of this country, ought not to be sacrificed to the profit of these dealers.

That the reduction of these duties so low as 2^{d} per pound, and Mr. Corrie thinks that nothing higher would be an *effectual* reduction, would be in every point of view expedient, we are not prepared to assert; but as lovers of *coffee*, we for our own parts wish that it will be found right to adopt his suggestion, and that, in future we may be enabled to taste the real beverage at a cheap rate, instead of *brown water* made of *burnt crust*, for which we are now obliged to pay so dear at the coffee-houses.

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.——*Shakspeare.*

ORIGINAL CHARACTER OF FOOTE.

BY MR. GAHAGAN.

FOOTE was a very extraordinary man, and had talents which he abused. He abounded in wit, humour, and sense; but he was so fond of detraction and mimicing, that he might be properly called a buffoon; and they were a great blemish in his conversation, though he entertained you. He was generally civil to your face, and seldom put you out of humour with yourself; but you paid for his civility the moment you turned your back, and were sure of being made ridiculous. He was not so malignant as some I have known, but his excessive vanity led him into satire and ridicule. He was vain of his classical knowledge (which was but superficial) and of his family, and used to boast of his numerous relations in the West of England. He was most extravagant and baubling, but not generous. He delighted in buying rings, snuff-boxes, and toys, which were a great expence to him; and he lost money at play, and was a dupe with all his parts. He loved wine and good living, and was a mighty pretender to skill in cookery, though he did not understand a table as well as he thought; he affected to like distinguished dishes and ragouts, and could not bear to eat plain beef or mutton, which shewed he had a depraved appetite; he spared no expence in his dinners, and his wine was good. He was very disgusting in his manner of eating, and not clean in his person; but he was so pleasant, and had such a flow of spirits, that his faults and foibles were overlooked. He always took the lead in company, and was the chief or sole performer. He had such a rage for shining, and such an itch for applause, that he often brought to my mind Pope's lines on the Duke of Wharton:

> "Though senates hung on all he spoke
> "The mob must hail him master of the joke."

He loved lords' company, though he gave himself airs of despising them, and treating them cavalierly. He was

licentious and sensual, made a jest of religion and morality, and of all worthy men. He told a story pleasantly, and added many circumstances of his own invention to heighten it. He had a good choice of words, and apt expressions, and could speak very well upon grave subjects; but he soon grew tired of serious conversation, and returned naturally to his favourite amusement —mimickry—in which he did not excel; for he drew caricatures by which made you laugh more than a closer mimick. He was a coarse actor, yet he played the parts in his own plays better than any who have appeared in them since his death; for instance, *Major Sturgeon, Aircastle, Cadwallader*, &c.

He had a flat, vulgar face, without expression; but where a part was strongly ridiculous, he succeeded, for he always ran into farce; so that I have been often surfeited with him on the stage, and never wished to see him twice in the same character. Though he wanted simplicity in his acting, yet he was a very good judge of the stage; but so unfair, and so disposed to criticise, that you could not depend on his opinion.

As a writer he certainly had merit, and afforded great entertainment to the town for many years. If he had taken more pains in finishing his pieces, they would have been equal to most of our comedies; but he was too indolent, and too idle, to carry them to perfection.

Upon the whole, his life and character would furnish a subject for a good farce, with an instructive moral. It would shew that parts alone are of little use without prudence or virtue; and that flashes of wit and humour give only a momentry pleasure; but no solid entertainment.

REFLECTIONS ON DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES.

If the stage should be really what the generality of our polite writers tell us it ought to be, a school of agreeable morality, it naturally follows, that those plays are the best which afford us the most pleasing instruction, and that it is neither a strict adherence to the severity of critical discipline, or a slavish imitation of the ancients, which can possibly constitute the excellence of dramatic literature.

Nothing is more necessary for an author to cosider, who means to exhibit his productions upon the stage,

than the genius of the people before whom they are to be represented: different countries have their different manners, and on this simple account, it is utterly impossible ever to establish an universal criterion for dramatic excellence in writing.—The cold declamations, for instance, which suit the taste of a French audience, would make an Englishman yawn at Drury-lane house; and on the other, that force of a fable, that strength of plot, and variety of business which is requisite to entertain an English spectator, would be deemed impertinent or pantomimical, barbarous or unnatural, according as the piece happened to be comic or distressful, by the refining criticism of a Parisian theatre.

It is whimsical enough to hear our modern critics recommending the ancients to our imitation, as the great fathers of the drama, when they themselves acknowledge, that even the best tragedy of Sophocles would be banished indignantly from our stage; not because it would want either the fire of exalted genius, or the spirit of animated poetry, but because it would want that redundancy of business, that complication of incident, which alone can keep a British audience from manifesting a public disapprobation. A fine poem may be a very bad play; a fine play may be a very bad poem. Addison's Cato is the former——the versification is polished—the sentiments elevated—the characters marked —the manners consistent—and the conduct critical.—Yet with all these advantages, it languishes most miserably in the exhibition.—All our reverence for the author is necessary to restrain our disgust, and had not the political circumstances attending its orignal appearance, fortunately render it a favourite no less with the tories than the whigs, we are confident it could never have survived a second representation.

Yet even admitting that Sophocles, and the various celebrated tragic writers of antiquity abounded as much in incident, as they are notoriously deficient in that necessary article, there is one circumstance which would render them not only disagreeable, but ridiculous on our stage; the classical reader must see we allude to the chorusses of these poets, which are always offensive to common sense, and constantly destroying every idea of probability. About ten years ago a sensible satirical piece, entitled the Wishes; or, Harlequin's mouth opened, was performed in the summer season at Drury-Lane theatre, under the direction of Mr. Murphy and Foote.

The author of this ingenious performance introduced an episode, which illustrates the present observation relative to the Greek chorus very happily. The episode consisted of a mock tragedy, which was called Gunpowder Treason, and of which the supposed writer, Mr. Distress, made Guy Faux, naturally enough, the hero.—When Guy comes to that passage, where he purposes to blow up the parliament house, the chorus exhorts him to reject so barbarous an enterprise, and makes use of all the arguments which are obviously applicable in such a situation. Guy however continues immoveably fixed, and prepares to execute his horrid resolution: On which one of the spectators inquires, why does not the chorus send for a constable, and carry the villain to a Justice of Peace. Mr. Distress answers something to this effect, "Poh, poh, that would be natural, and the chorus is never to discover a secret."——

When we see therefore, that the greatest of the Grecian poets are so generally destitute of business, as to be mostly dramatic conversations, and when we see the chorus, the vehicle, through which the argumentative part of their plays is chiefly conveyed, is thus ridiculously fabricated, why are they eternally held up to us as objects of imitation? Are we to imitate what we know will be disapproved, or to copy an absurdity upon the authority of Sophocles or Euripides? Are we to croud our stage with chorusses, when the chief persons in the drama are talking in a soliloquy of something wholly improper for a second ear? Or to tell a number of humane people our design to commit a murder, without ever suffering their humanity to operate agreeably to the dictates of justice? In fact, highly as the Greek stage may at present be admired by the affectation of criticism, our own is upon a much better establishment.—It is not governed by the laws of composition, but by the principles of common sense.—Whatever is repugnant to nature, is with us immediately condemned, and though we tolerate many scenes in favourite pieces, which are palpably unnatural, the beauties nevertheless must greatly exceed the imperfections, to obtain so considerable an indulgence at our hands.

EXPRESSION OF THE PASSIONS,

In the countenance of dramatic heroes and heroines.

Has it been remarked, that in the violence of their efforts to represent excessive sorrow, bitter anguish, and violent rage, some of our best performers frequently lapse into broad caricature, and the grin of licentious distortion?

I will not mention names, yet I *could* point out those of renown, who, in some of the most interesting scenes of our best tragedies, have actually excited laughter.

Perhaps, it may be asked, is an actor of feeling and rapid perception to balance his limbs, discipline his features, and adjust his looks before a glass, previous to his appearing on the stage? Is he to regulate by a thermometer, the warmth of his impressions, and consult a posture-master on the gracefulness of his attitudes, and the propriety of his gestures?

I answer, yes, if his own taste and execution are not sufficiently correct: in acting, as in painting, the effect produced on the *retina* of the spectator, is every thing; effect is the grand business of a player's life, to which all rules, all favorite theories must be subservient; the tongue, the eyes, the lips, the muscles of the face, are the principal organs, by which the passions of the heart are demonstrated and conveyed; they are tools given to us by nature, to make certain impressions on the minds of others; but if, from a want of skilful management, they produce sensations, and excite ideas, not only different, but exactly opposite to those which the dramatic artist meant to convey; *if they do nothing by doing too much*, they act as false interpreters, translate their lesson wrong, and should be sent to school again.

It was the opinion of Leonardo D'Avinsi, that a man born dumb would be *a good study* for an artist, in the business of expression; but here too sobriety and moderation must not be forgotten, or we shall degenerate into pantomime.

It is the opinion of a friend, that I was seated too near the performers whose over-acting I censure; *that the picture was not placed in its proper light and position;* he is convinced, if I had been in a more distant part of the theatre, that what appeared coarse, violent and outra-

geous, would have met with my approbation, as natural and appropriate:

Ainsi foit il, mais parlons d'autres choses

I cannot help remarking another impropriety, sometimes exhibited on the stage: the giving young characters, whom passionate lovers are calling goddesses and angels, to aged, infirm, and wrinkled old women, or to others, who, however qualified by age, possess not a single attraction to render them objects of love or desire to a man of common sense, eye-sight, or discernment.

I am ready to make allowance for the vagaries of whim, and the extravaganza of capricious appetite; but it is not consistent with nature or experience, for a man to be pouring forth strains of rapture and admiration, when every spectator knows and feels that the object of the actor's adoration is old enough to be his grandmother; it is equally revolting to common feelings, as well as correct taste, to see a virago, well calculated for an oyster-basket, the slaughter-house, or a butt of porter, assuming the Medicean Venus, and caricaturing the Loves and Graces.

These improprieties sometimes perplex a good-natured audience, because the performers in question are frequently excellent in other walks, or stage veterans, who once knew better days, and for whom the majority of the persons present feel the strongest sympathy, and entertain the highest respect.

Is it avarice or cruel kindness in managers, thus to suffer or entice age and decrepitude to expose themselves, and sport with the feelings of the public? Were a subscription proposed, I have little doubt of its being encouraged; but to pay six shillings for sitting three hours the harrassed spectator of scenes at once ridiculous and distressing, is what I will not *again* submit to.

C. P. B.

QUAKERS, AND THE STAGE.

The amusements of the theatre are strictly forbidden to Quakers of every description; and this, partly because many plays are immoral, but chiefly (according to Mr. Clarkson*), because on the stage, 'men perso-

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* See his Portraiture of Quakerism.

nate characters that are not their own; and thus become altogether sophisticated in their looks, words and actions, which is contrary to the simplicity and truth required by Christianity.' The Edinburgh *Reviews* make the following observations on this statement. We scarcely think the Quakers will be much obliged to Mr. Clarkson for imputing this kind of reasoning to them. We would rather hear at once that the play-house was the Devil's drawing-room, and that actors paint their faces, and deserve the fate of Jezebel. As to the sin of personating characters not their own, and sophisticating their looks and words, it is necessarily committed by every man who reads aloud a dialogue from the New Testament, or who adopts, from the highest authority, a dramatic form in his preaching. As to the other objection, that theatrical amusements produce too high a degree of excitement for the necessary sedateness of a good Christian, we answer, in the first place, that we do not see why a good Christian should be more still and sedate than his innocence and natural gaiety incline him to be; and, in the second place, that the objection proves Mr. Clarkson to be laudably ignorant of the state of the modern drama, which, we are credibly informed, is by no means so extremely interesting, as to make men neglect their business and their duties to run after it.

EXTRACT FROM AN ACCOUNT OF THE GERMAN THEATRE.

In examining these pieces in detail, and appropriating them to their respective authors, one is immediately struck with the name of Lessing, whom Germany so much reveres as one of the founders of her drama. He is the author of the first piece in Friedel's collection, *Emilie de Galotti*, another tragedy in one act called *Philotas*, a third called *Sara Samson*, and a drame entitled *Nathan le Sage*. He is author also of several other plays contained in the Theatre Allemand of Junker, one of which, *Minna de Barnhelm*, is reckoned the *chef d'œuvre* of German comedy. I have perused it with all the attention to which its high character entitled it, and indeed with a great degree of the pleasure, though not with all the admiration which that high character led me to expect. It is of the graver or sentimental kind of comedy, where the characters maintain a war of generosity, from which the embarrassments and implications of the plot, not very intricate nor artificial ones, result.—

The principal person is Major Telheim, a disbanded officer, whose merits his country had ill-rewarded; a man of the most consummate bravery, generosity and virtue, for whom these qualities have gained the love of every soldier and domestic around him. They have procured him a still more valuable attachment, the love of the heroine of the piece, Minna of Barnhelm, who, on hearing of the Major's regiment being disbanded, comes to Berlin to seek him, and to make him happy. The rival nobleness of mind of these two characters produces the principal incidents of the piece, which however are not always natural, nor very happily imagined; and besides, as Fielding jocularly says, when comparing a shallow book to a shallow man, may be easily seen through. But, with all these defects, and that want of comic force which the turn and situation of the principal characters naturally occasions, the play must please and interest every reader. There is something in the constitution of the human mind so congenial to disinterestedness, generosity and magnanimity, that it never fails to be pleased with such characters, after all the deductions which critical discernment can make from them. Amidst the want of comic humour which I have observed in this play, I must not omit, however, doing justice to a serjeant-major of Telheim's regiment, and to Justin his valet, who are drawn with a strong and natural pencil. The story of the spaniel, told by the latter, when his master's poverty makes him wish to dismiss him from his service, is one of the best imagined, and best told, I remember to have met with. There is a good deal of comic character and lively dialogue in some of Lessing's less celebrated pieces in the collection of Junker; but the plots are in general extravagant and farcical.

In judging of Lessing as a tragic writer, one will do him no injustice by making the tragedy of Emilie de Galotti the criterion of that judgment. The others in these volumes are very inferior to this, which is certainly, in point of composition, character and passion, a performance of no ordinary kind. Lessing was well acquainted with the ancient drama, and wished to bring the theatre of his country to a point of regularity nearer to that of the ancients. He published, for some time, a periodical criticism on theatrical composition, called, "Le Dramaturgie de Hambourg." His plays, accordingly, though not exactly conformable to the Aristotelian

standard, approach pretty near to it, in the observation of the unities. He is said to have got into a dispute with Goethé on this subject, in which, from a degree of timidity in his nature, he rather yielded to his antagonist. I am not sure if he has profited by confining himself more than some other of his countrymen within the bounds of the regular drama. The fable of Emilie de Galotti, as well as of his other tragedies, is more regular than happy, and the denouement neither natural nor pleasing.—It is founded on circumstances somewhat similar to those in the story of Virginia. A prince of Guastalla is desperately enamoured of Emilie de Galotti, who is just about to be married to a man of rank and fortune, the Count Appiani. On the day of his marriage, he is waylaid by order of a wicked minister of the prince, and murdered. His bride is brought to the prince's country-seat, where, to prevent any chance of her dishonour, her father kills her.

After the first reading of Emilie, I was disposed to wonder at the reputation it had acquired; but a second placed it higher in my estimation. This was naturally the case in a performance where the whole was neither so perfect nor so interesting as some of the scenes in detail were forcible and striking. The heroine Emilie de Galotti is but imperfectly drawn, and not very well supported. Indeed, it may in general be observed in these pieces, that the characters of the female personages are by much the most defective, both in beauty and in force. This may perhaps be ascribed to the state of society in Germany, where the sex is less an object of consideration and respect than in France, and some other parts of the Continent. But there is another lady in this tragedy, the Countess d'Orsina, the last betrayed and abandoned mistress of the prince, whose character the poet has delineated with great ability; and one scene, in which she is introduced along with the father of Emilie, in genuine expression of passion, and pointed force of dialogue, may be compared to some of the best which the modern stage can boast.

In the developement of the secret foldings of the heart, Lessing seems deeply skilled, and the opening scenes of this tragedy contain some of those little incidents that mark an intimacy with human nature, which genius alone can claim. But in its progress we find, in some degree, a want of that strong and just delineation and support of character, but chiefly of that probable conduct and in-

teresting situation, which are the great and peculiar requisites of dramatic excellence. It seems also defective in the pathetic, for which certainly the subject afforded very great room, and which, in a similar situation, our countryman Rowe has contrived so strongly to excite.

Of Lessing's performances in these volumes, the next in merit, though in my opinion, at a considerable distance, is Sara Samson, an English story, of which the idea seems chiefly taken from Clarissa; though one character in it, that of a violent and profligate woman, is evidently borrowed from Millwood in George Barnwell. There is a degree of infamy in the vice of such a person, that is scarcely suitable to the dignity of the higher drama, and which disgusts us with its appearance. The Marwood of Lessing is introduced in such a manner as to heighten that disgust. The amiable female of the piece, Sara Samson, is no exception from the general defect of female character in this collection. And her father, who is placed in the tenderest situation, of which several authors have made so affecting a use, the parent of a child seduced from honour, though still alive to virtue, is insipidly drawn, and awkwardly introduced. In this tragedy, is an incident, of which Lessing seems to be fond, as he has repeated it with very little variation in another tragedy, called L'Esprit Fort, a dream, related by the heroine, predictive of the catastrophe. This, as it anticipates the conclusion, is always faulty. No part of the conduct of a play is more nice and difficult than that degree of information which the author is to give the audience in the course of it. In general, he should certainly not forestal their expectations, by opening his plot too soon. But there is an admirable theatrical effect which often results from letting the audience know what the persons of the drama are ignorant of, which stretches, if I may use the expression, the cords of fear, anxiety and hope in the spectators to the highest pitch, through scenes which otherwise would produce these feelings in an inferior, as well as in a momentary degree. This knowledge in the audience of Merope's son, while she, in ignorance of his person, is on the point of putting him to death, is one of the most interesting situations which dramatic invention has ever produced; and there is nothing on the French stage which equals the horror of that scene of Crebillon's Atree et Thyeste, where the devoted brother attempts to disguise himself from Atreus, while the terrified spectators know him all the while, and tremble at

every look and word which they think will discover him.

Next to Lessing, in point of name, is Goethé, the author of two tragedies in this collection, Goetz de Berliching and Clavidgo, and of a drame entitled Stella. The first I have already mentioned as highly irregular in its plan, being a life thrown into a dialogue rather than tragedy. The simple manners, the fidelity, the valour and the generosity of a German knight, are pourtrayed in a variety of natural scenes. This national quality, I presume, has been the cause of its high fame in Germany, to which it seems to me to have otherwise not a perfectly adequate claim. His Clavidgo is founded on an incident which happened to the celebrated Caron de Beaumarchais in Spain, who is introduced as a person of the drama, under the name of Ronac, an anagram of Caron, with the letters a little transposed. The distress of the play arises from the falsehood of a lover, who leaves his mistress after being engaged to marry her. Neither the delineation of the characters, nor the management of the plot in the first two acts, is entitled to much applause; but the last act, which passes in the sight of the corpse of Maria, is wrought up with uncommon force, and must, on the stage, be productive of high effect. His third performance, Stella, is strongly marked with that enthusiastic sentiment and refined sensibility, which, in the Sorrows of Werter, he has so warmly indulged; and in point of immoral effect, the drama is equally reprehensible with the novel. Its conclusion is in the boldest style of this sentimental refinement; since it gives to the hero two wives, with whom he is to share that heart, to which the incidents of the play have shewn the claims of both.

COUNTESS OF CARLISLE'S OPINION OF THE DRAMA, FROM HER MAXIMS TO YOUNG LADIES.

When you can fix your mind on the scenes before you, when the eye shall not wander to, nor the heart flutter at, the surrounding objects of the spectacle, you will return home instructed and improved.

The great utilities you may reap from well-acted tragedy are, the exciting your compassion to real sufferings, the suppression of your vanity in prosperity, and the inspiring you with heroic patience in adversity.

In comedy, you will receive continual correction, delicately applied to your errors and foibles; be impartial in the application, and divide it humbly with your acquaintance and friends, and even with your enemies.

POETRY.

TO *——— *———

ON BEING TOLD I HAD HURT HER FEELINGS.

When the joy-breathing spirit of rapture has flown,
And the heart sinks, oppress'd by the demon of woe,
Could *I* add to the pangs which the sufferer has known,
Or sharpen the arrows of sorrow?—Oh! no!

Each sigh of her grief I would willingly share,
Bid the tears of her anguish for e'er cease to flow,
But could *I* ever add to the load of despair,
Or oppress the keen feelings of sorrow?—Oh! no!

Oh! no! *I* would pray the blest seraph of peace
To soothe all the cares of the mourner to rest,
Bid the griefs of her bosom in happiness cease,
And joy fix its haunt in so hallow'd a nest!

Liverpool. W. M. T.

SONNET TO HORATIUS,

PREVIOUS TO HIS GOING TO THE EAST INDIES.

Say, can the fields luxuriant of the East,
Or all the wealth that Asia's sons possess;
Say, can the dainties of the varied feast,
On which proud man lays such an awful stress!
Yield *thee* more charms than England's *lib'ral* fare?
Than what the heroes of the island see?
No!—surely no!—her wealth's without compare,
Her sons are honest, virtuous, and free!
How great the contrast!—the extreme how wide!
But I'll not trace them lest I mar thy views;
Be mine the task thy roving feet to guide,
And thine to mind the precepts of the muse!
Where'er thou goest Misery will appear,
Relieve her woes, and bless thy happier sphere.

Hereford-street, 1808. J. G.

LAURA.

SLOWLY bend the willow trees,
O'er the brook their branches wave,
Near their roots the trav'ler sees
Th'rustling grass on Edmund's grave.

When at midnight's silent hour,
Is heard the bell's sonorous toll—
And the torrent's distant roar,
Strikes with dread the guilty soul—

Laura leaves her wretched home,
Lost to joy incessant weeps,
Seeks the dew-bespangl'd tomb,
Where in silence Edmund sleeps.

Hark! she gently strikes the lyre—
Mournful sound the trembling strings,
Echoing round the moss-clad spire,
Thro' the porch the music rings.

Wild on air the numbers float,
Wild thro' distant woodlands fly,
As she forms the pensive note,
Sadly heaves a heartfelt sigh.

Sweet her voice in cadence low,
Softly fills the list'ning ear,
The gentle waters as they flow,
On ev'ry pebble drop a tear.

Hapless maid, not long thou'lt mourn.
Woe not long will pain thy breast
Soon thy bosom anguish-torn,
Will cease to throb in endless rest.

J. B.

LYING DICK; OR, DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

An English ship, in desperate fight
With Gallic foes engag'd,
For twice two hours, an awful time,
The unequal conflict wag'd.

But victory crown'd the British flag
Though purchas'd by the blood
Of many a brave and noble tar,
Who for his country stood.

The fight once o'er, the surgeons next
O'er wounded bodies creep,
And those whom death had fairly caught
They sentence to the deep.

One manly fellow on the deck
Had felt the Gallic fire;
Disguis'd with blood, they scarcely knew
Poor Dick; nicknam'd the *liar*.

For truth from Dick's unsteady tongue,
Too rarely found the way;
Whate'er he said, he freely gave
Imagination play.

Him motionless and stain'd with gore
The surgeon left for dead:
And bade his comrades standing round,
Heave to his watery bed.

They stoop; they heave the bleeding load;
But life was not all gone:
Dick roar'd aloud "I'm only stunn'd,
"You lubbers set me down?"

Amaz'd they stand; but knowing well
Dick lov'd a *lying* jest,
At once exclaims, "Why, d——n your eyes,
"The doctor must know best."

QUIZ.

VON SCHLEMNER AND POT LUCK.

AN ANECDOTE.

An Englishman invited once
His German friend to dine
On plain *pot luck*, for such his phrase,
And drink some good port wine.

Mein Herr repair'd at proper time
With stomach for the treat:
The viands on the table plac'd,
Von Schlemner took his seat.

Soup, turkey, beef, by turns were serv'd,
Mein Herr declin'd each one:
Fowls, turtle, sauce, they follow'd next
Von Schlemner tasted none!

His host, at length, by kindness urg'd
Press'd him to take some duck;
"Ach mein!" with groans Von Schlemner said,
"I vait for de *pot luck*."

QUIZ.

THE DOUBT CLEARED UP.

TO MISS SARAH MORGAN, OF YATTON COURT, HEREFORDSHIRE.

The canzonet—the tender sigh—
The gentle smile—the witching look—
The ever searching, curious eye,
Deep-poring on a poet's book:
The tongue that teems with constant praise,
The glance that steals the soul away,
The sweet approval of my lays,
Sure more than *friendship* must betray!

The tale of this or that kind youth,
Who lov'd or this or that fair maid;
The tale of * her who swerv'd from truth,
And with my heart so basely play'd!

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* Miss Marianne M——t——n.

Must surely mean (and yet I doubt)
That which I dare not now express:
Yet, wou'd the muse fain let it out,
And call it—Sarah's soft *caress!*

O! that some airy sylph wou'd tell
Me whether I am right or wrong!
If right,—I'd snatch my little shell,
And hail her presence with a song!

She comes! she comes!—on spangled wings,
Behold she floats through ether bright!
The welkin with sweet music rings,
As on she prompts her magic flight!

'Tis done! 'tis fixt!—the glance that stole
So swiftly thro' my trembling frame;
Has gain'd possession of my soul,
And I have rous'd a kindred flame!

Hence mutual joys shall ever be,
Attendant on each varying hour;
Hence, Sarah I will live for thee,
And yield to thy bewitching pow'r!

Hertford Street, 1st June, 1808. J. G.

SONNET.

Amidst the gloomy foilage of the grove
Alone I sit, sublim'd "in awful state,"
Revolving deep on man's precarious fate,
While Cynthia drives her silver car above:
Here oft at eve the plaintive cooing dove,
Bemoans the absence of her tender mate;
And even I, no stranger unto love,
My Sarah's presence anxiously await!

Now Silence reigns triumphant o'er the scene,
And the pale moon peeps gently thro' the trees;
The glimmering twilight in the west is seen,
While Fancy's visions float upon the breeze:
Wrapt into thought my spirit roams afar,
Beyond the confine of the polar star!

Hertford Street, June, 1808. J. G.

ANACREONTIC.

Give me boy, that golden cup;
Fill, come fill it brimful up,
With the bright Falernian wine,
With the nectar'd juice divine,
For I could gaily quaff a bowl,
Large as my capacious soul;
For know, immortal gods! O know!
To Bacchus and the loves I bow.
Haste, then bring the rubied juice,
Prepar'd for every social use;
For to mirth I'll give the day;
She, the banquet sweet shall sway,
Hence, then Care, thou fiend most foul,
Ere I drown thee in the bowl;
Hence, then hence, and far remove,
Whilst I toast the girl I love.
Now I feel a rapture fire,
All my soul with sweet desire;
Now my mind by magic fraught,
Aspires to every tow'ring thought:
Say, am I wake, or do I dream,
That now I feel such bliss supreme?
Bring then flow'rs of every hue,
Blushing roses pearl'd with dew;
Such as glow on Hebe's face,
Such as Cypria's goddess grace,
Such as deck with myrtle fair,
The lovely Grace's flowing hair.
Let these in clust'ring wreaths be bound,
To shade my front, and temples round;
For know, immortal gods on high,
On earth, none is so great as I.

Liverpool, June, 1808. J. B---wd---n.

WRITTEN IN RICHMOND PARK.

Dear to my heart is this sequester'd sphere,
  Where silence slumbers in fantastic guise,
  And nature's radiant hues salute mine eyes,
Where malice comes not hideously to leer:
Where neither pain nor jealousy appear
  To cloud the lustre of the burnish'd skies,
  Or machinations dreadful to devise,
To spoil the beauties of th' advancing year!

Hail! Charming spot! and may'st thou ever prove,
  A genial harbour for the soul distress'd!
Relieve the tortures of a hopeless love,
  And lull the woes of indigence to rest!
That those who to despondency are driven,
May find thy shades a secondary heaven!

Grafton-street, June, 1808. J. G.

SONNET.

Still---still the image of my love I view,
  Sporting, as it was wont, in bland array,
  Beside you crystal stream, that glides away,
"Making sweet melody" the valley through!
I run to seize---it flies as I pursue,
  And fondly blames my tedious delay:
  Fain wou'd I follow, but the length'ning way
Doth mock my toil, and every hope subdue!

Oh! that some ærial pow'r---some magic art
  Wou'd pulverize my frame, and my torn sprite,
  Convey to realms of everlasting light,
Where lives in peace my soul's far better part!
But ah, 'tis vain!---The succour I implore,
Add but fresh sorrows to my sick'ning store!

Grafton-street, June, 1808. J. G.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

HAYMARKET.

JUNE

28. Speed the Plough. Sir Philip Blandford, Mr. Thompson; Bob Handy, Mr. Farley. Review.

29. Heir at Law—Tom Thumb.

30. Wheel of Fortune—PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT; or, *The Portrait of Michael Cervantes*, (1st time). The Characters by Messrs. Fawcett, Liston, Mathews, Grove, Palmer, jun. Putnam, Atkins; Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Mathews, Mrs. Gibbs.

JULY 1. Five Miles off—A Mogul Tale—Plot and Counterplot.

2. Tale of Mystery—We fly by Night—Ib.

4. Iron Chest. Fitzharding, Mr. Waddy; Rawbold, Mr. Thompson. Helen, Mrs. Bellamy.

5. Wonder. Frederick, Mr. Glover, (his 1st appearance on any stage.) Violante, Mrs. Bellamy. Ib.

6. Battle of Hexham. Barton, Mr. Thompson; Marquis of Montague, Mr. Carles, (his first appaarance this season!!) Fool, Mr. Farley. Queen Margaret, Mrs. St. Leger. Seeing is Believing. Ib.

7. Sighs. Leopold, Mr. Thompson; Hans Williams, Mr. Farley. Louisa, Mrs. Bellamy. Ghost. Roger, Mr. Liston. Ib.

8. We fly by Night—Critic—Ib.

9. Five Miles off—Plot and Counterplot—Tom Thumb.

11. Iron Chest—Plot and Counterplot.

12. Wild Oats. Rover, Mr. May, (from Belfast, his 1st appearance in London); John Dory, Mr. Farley. Lady Amaranth, Mrs. Bellamy. Ib.

13. [Not acted for 30 years] FATAL CURIOSITY. Old Wilmot, Mr. Young; Young Wilmot, Mr. Palmer, jun.; Randal, Mr. Thomp-

son; Eustace, Mr. Carles. Agnes, Mrs. St. Leger; Charlotte, Mrs. Bellamy; Maria, (with a song) Mrs. Mathews. CHEATS OF SCAPIN, (never acted here) with Alterations and Additions from the old farce of *Trick upon Trick*, or the *Vintner in the Suds*. Scapin, Mr. Mathews. Plot and Counterplot, [altered to the Agreeable Surprize on account of Mr. Liston's indisposition].

14. Tale of Mystery—Escapes, (1st time here). Count Armand, Mr. Taylor; Antonio, Mr. Treby; Daniel, Mr. Grove; Michelli, Mr. Fawcett. Constantia, Mrs. Taylor; Angelina, Mrs. Mathews; Marcellina, Miss De Camp. Ib.

15. Battle of Hexham—Seeing is Believing—Love Laughs at Locksmiths.

16. Surrender of Calais. John de Vienne, Mr. Thompson. Julia, Mrs. Bellamy. Cheats of Scapin.

18. Hunter of the Alps—Review—Escapes.

19. Five Miles off—Mogul Tale—Plot and Counterplot.

20. Mountaineers, Octavian, Mr. May. Mrs. Wiggins—Tom Thumb.

21. Poor Gentleman. Lieut. Worthington, Mr. Thompson; Corporal Foss, Mr. Grove. Plot and Counterplot.

22. Heir at Law—Escepes.

23. Sighs—Music Mad—Plot and Counterplot.

25. Dramatist. Floriville, Mr. Farley. Blind Boy, (1st time here). Edmund, (for this night only) Mrs. C. Kemble. Rodolph, Mr. Thompson; Stanislaus, Mr. Carles; Starrow, Mr. Treby. Elvina, Mrs. Mathews. Ib.

26. Revenge. Alonzo, Mr. Palmer, jun. Carlos, Mr. Carles; Zanga, Mr. Young. Leonora, Mrs. Bellamy; Isabella, Mrs. St. Leger. Ghost—Cheats of Scapin.

27. Catch him who can—Plot and Counterplot—Tom Thumb.

The Summer Theatre has hitherto afforded little novelty. Mrs. Bellamy, the wife of the favourite singer at Covent Garden, appeared in *Mrs. Haller*, and has since played several other characters. Her figure, thoguh *petite*, is pleasing, but her powers are limited, and her claim to a superior situation on the London boards very disputable. We remember her as Miss Grist at Covent Garden, where she was the original *Edward*, in *Every one has his Fault*.

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT—is a farce from the French, by Mr. Charles Kemble. It varies but little from the translation acted at Covent Garden, but has more bustle, and is better written. As in other Spanish plots there are two cavaliers, two servants, a chambermaid, a mistress, and duenna, and a rich old father. The old gentleman is a painter, and a monk in the neighbouring convent,

where it is supposed Cervantes died, proposes to afford him an opportunity of taking the likeness of that genius, no portrait of him having appeared during his life; for this purpose the corpse of Cervantes is to be brought to his house in the night. The rival lovers, are apprized of this arrangement and immediately form the same resolution. The two valets are to represent the dead poet, and are successively introduced to the artist. The chief humour of the farce rests on the incident, and nothing in the contrivance can be more ingenious, or more irresistably ludicrous in effect. The terror of the supposed dead men, their surprise at finding each other *shrouded* for the same purpose, and the final discovery of the *Plot and Counterplot* are all in the best style and spirit of farce, and excite incessant peals of laughter and applause. The piece is inimitably supported by the comic talents of Fawcett and Liston. On the first night it was stated that Mr. Putnam intended for one of the lovers was indisposed, and that Mr C. Kemble, who was interested in the success of the piece, would undertake his character. Mr. Kemble must have been infinitely gratified both by his reception as an actor, and his success as the author of the farce. Mr. Farley took the character on the following evening.

Of Mr. Glover who played Frederick in the Wonder we can say nothing in praise; and of Mr. May, though he displayed some talent in *Rover* (respecting his *Octavian* we must be silent) it cannot be disguised that his MAY *is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf*, and therefore we do not think he will meet here with that "*which should accompany old age*," viz. *troops of friends!*

The FATAL CURIOSITY was revived for the sake of Mr. Young's *Old Wilmot*, which was marked by this actor's usual judgment in the part, but whether the other parts were not adequately sustained, or from its not being *tragedy weather*, the audience shewed very little favour to the piece at the dropping of the curtain. This tragedy was first acted in 1732, at the little theatre, and was afterwards revived by the late Mr. Colman, whose postscript to the printed play we think worthy of being transcribed. Mr. Kemble revived the tragedy a few seasons since at Drury Lane, himself playing Wilmot, and Mrs. Siddons Agnes; but thus strongly acted, it was played only three or four nights to thin audiences. Mr. Colman's Postscript is as follows:

Though the Fatal Curiosity of Lillo has received the applause of many sound critics, and been accounted worthy of the Grecian stage, and (what is, perhaps, still higher merit) worthy of Shakspear! yet the long exclusion of this drama from the theatre had in some measure obscured the fame of a tragedy, whose uncommon excellence challenged more celebrity. The late Mr. Harris, of Salisbury, has endeavoured, in his philological enquiries, to display the beauties, the terrible graces, of the piece, and to do justice to the memory of Lillo. His comment is in general just; yet he seems to have given a sketch of the fable from an imperfect recollection of circumstances, without the book before him. He appears to have conceived that the tragedy derived its title from the curiosity of Agnes to know the contents of the casket: but that Lillo meant to mark

by the title the Fatal Curiosity of Young Wilmot, is evident from the whole scene between him and Randal, wherein he arranges the plan of his intended interview with his parents; which arrangement Mr. Harris erroneously attributes to his conference with Charlotte. The principle of curiosity is openly avowed and warmly sustained by Young Wilmot, and humbly reprehended by Randal.

The comment of Mr. Harris is, however, on the whole, most judicious and liberal. It concludes with a note in these words:

"If any one reads this tragedy, the author of these inquiries has a request or two to make, for which he hopes a candid reader will forgive him—One is, not to cavil at minute inaccuracies, but look to the superior merit of the whole taken together—Another is, totally to expunge those wretched rhimes, which conclude many of the scenes; and which, 'tis probable, are not from Lillo, but from some other hand, willing to conform to an absurd fashion, then practised, but now laid aside, the fashion (I mean) of a ryming conclusion."

Philological Inquiries, vol. i. *p.* 174.

The present Editor thought it his duty to remove, as far as he was able, the blemishes here noticed by Mr. Harris; and he therefore expunged the rhyming conclusions of acts and scenes, except in one instance, where he thought the couplet too beautiful to be displaced. Some minute inaccuracies of language he also hazarded an attempt to correct; and even in some measure to mitigate the horror of the catastrophe, by the omission of some expressions rather too savage, and by one or two touches of remorse and tenderness. Agnes is most happily drawn after Lady Macbeth; in whose character there is not perhaps a finer trait, than her saying, during the murder of Duncan,

"Had he not resembled
"My father as he slept, I had don't!

The story on which this tragedy is founded is, I believe, at present no where extant, except in a folio volume, printed in the year 1681, and entitled The Annals of King James and King Charles the First. Both of happy memory. The period included in these annals is from the tenth of James, to the eighteenth of Charles. They are published anonymously, yet are generally known by the name of Frankland's Annals. The author places this tragical event in the annals of the year 1618, and relates it in these words:

"The miserable condition of sinful man in sundry examples of these present and of former times, should mind us hourly to beg of God preventing grace, lest we fall into temptations of sin and Satan; such have been the calamities of ages past, at present are, and will be to come; histories of theft, rapine, murther, and such like.

"One of wondrous note happened at Penryn in Cornwall, in September, a bloody and unexampled murther, by a father and mother upon their own son, and then upon themselves.

"He had been blessed with ample possessions, and fruitful issue, unhappy only in a younger son; who taking liberty from his father's bounty, and with a crew of like condition, that were wearied on land they went roving to sea; and in a small vessel southward, took booty, from all whom they could master, and so increasing force and wealth, ventured on a Turks-man in the Streights; but by mischance their own powder fired themselves; and our gallant, trusting to his skilful swimming, got ashore upon Rhodes, with the best of his jewels about him, where offering some to sale to a Jew, who knew them

to be the governor's of Algier, he was apprehended, and as a pyrate sentenced to the gallies amongst other christians, whose miserable slavery made them all studious of freedom; and with wit and valour took opportunity and means to murder some officers, got aboard of an English ship, came safe to London, where his Majesty and some skill made him servant to a chyrurgion, and sudden preferment to the East Indies; there by this means he got money, with which returning back, he designed himself for his native county Cornwall; and in a small ship from London, sailing to the west, was cast away upon the coast; but his excellent skill in swimming, and former fate to boot, brought him safe to shore; where since his fifteen years absence, his father's former fortunes much decayed, now retired him not far off to a country habitation, in debt and danger.

" His sister, he finds married to a mercer, a meaner match than her birth promised; to her at first appears a poor stranger, but in private reveals himself, and withal what jewels and gold he had concealed in a bow-case about him; and concluded that the next day he intended to appear to his parents, and to keep his disguise till she and her husband should meet, and make their common joy compleat.

" Being come to his parents, his humble behaviour, suitable to his suit of cloaths, melted the old couple to so much compassion, as to give him covering from the cold season under their outward roof; and by degrees his travelling tales told with passion to the aged people, made him their guest, so long by the kitchen fire, that the husband took leave and went to bed, and soon after his true stories working compassion in the weaker vessel, she wept, and so did he; but compassionate of her tears, he comforted her with a piece of gold, which gave assurance that he deserved a lodging, to which she brought him, and being in bed shewed her his girdled wealth, which he said was sufficient to relieve her husband's wants, to spare for himself; and being very weary, fell fast asleep.

" The wife tempted with the golden bait of what she had, and eager of enjoying all, awaked her husband with this news, and her contrivance what to do; and though with horrid apprehension he oft refused, yet her puling fondness (Eve's inchantments) moved him to consent, and rise to be master of all; and both of them to murder the man, which instantly they did, covering the corpse under the cloaths till opportunity to convey it out of the way.

" The early morning hastens the sister to her father's house, where she with signs of joy, enquires for a sailor that should lodge there the last night; the parents slightly denied to have seen any such, until she told them that it was her brother, her lost brother, by that assured scar upon his arm cut with a sword in his youth, she knew him; and were all resolved this morning to meet there and be merry.

" The father hastily runs up, finds the mark, and with horrid regret of this monstrous murther of his own son, with the same knife cut his own throat.

" The wife went up to consult with him, whers in a most strange manner beholding them both in blood, wild and aghast, with the instrument at hand, readily rips up her own belly till the guts tumbled out.

" The daughter, doubting the delay of their absence, searches for them all, whom she found out too soon, with the sad sight of

this scene; and being overcome with horror and amaze of this deluge of destruction, she sank down and died, the fatal end of that family.

"The truth of which was frequently known, and flew to court in this guise; but the imprinted relation conceals their names, in favour to some neighbour of repute and a-kin to that family.

"The same sense makes me silent also."

The historical fact, immediately preceding this dreadful narrative, is the fate of Sir Walter Raleigh, which accounts for the author's having, in the original play, introduced the mention of him into the first scene of the tragedy. He has conducted the fable, and accommodated the story to his purpose, with great art. From the reality of the incident, he also calls it a TRUE tragedy. A TRUE *tragedy*, indeed it is, in all senses of the word; and such a tragedy as I thought demanded a revival, and the further notice of the public.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The negociation between Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Jones is broken off, and it is now said that Mr. T. Sheridan is to have the sole and sovereign direction of Drury Lane. Busy rumour has suggested another elevation from the theatrical boards to the peerage, by the marriage of the late chancellor E. and Mrs Siddons. We understand there is no foundation for this report, but an illustrious personage observed on its being mentioned to her, that if there should be many more such matrimonial engagements her drawing room would be converted into a *green*-room.

COUNTRY THEATRES.

Theatre Royal, RICHMOND.—Opened on Monday July 25, with Inkle and Yarico, and Plot and Counterplot. Trudge by Mr. Russell, Sir Christopher Curry, Mr. Chapman, and Yarico, by Mrs. Dibdin. The theatre is under the management of Mr. Russell. Mrs. Jordan is to play a few nights.

Theatre Royal, MANCHESTER.—In consequence of the de*part*ure of the Anti*part*ure, I have taken the opportunity of im*part*ing to you without *part*iality the *part*iculars of our theatre, indeed to give a description of *all* the novelties brought forward by our indefatigable manager would take up too large a portion of your highly esteemed work.—The historical tragedy of 'Julius Cæsar' was brought forward in a style of peculiar splendor, nor did we ever witness a more able representation of the piece.—Mark Antony by Mr. Barrymore, Brutus by Mr. Nuggit, and Cassius by Mr. Conway, were finely supported; in the quarrel, the two latter gentlemen evinced great powers, and were warmly applauded, nor would it be doing justice to omit mentioning the Portia of Mrs Glover, and Calphurnia of Miss Taylor, who rendered their parts chaste, interesting and impressive. The opera of the 'Caravan, or the Driver and his Dog" has also been produced with new scenery, dresses, and decorations, and has been frequently repeated.

A Mr. Barnes from the Exeter theatre appeared in the character of 'Stephano' in the Tempest, which he represented in a truly respectable style, and a Miss Simpson from Newcastle upon Tyne in the

part of Edmund in the 'Blind Boy' and received great applause. 'King Lear' has been brought forward for the purpose of introducing Mr. Harley in Lear, who displayed great judgment and discrimination in pourtraying the hoary monarch, indeed we have seldom witnessed a more chaste performance of the part We have also been nightly gratified by the performances of Mr. Richer. A Mrs. Garrick made her *debut* in 'Oscar and Malvina' and acquitted herself to the satisfaction of the audience. Mrs. Young (late Miss Biggs) from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, is the present novelty, she made her *entrée* on Monday, June 20, in Mrs. Haller in the 'Stranger,' and in the same play a Mr. Loveday from Newcastle performed the character of Peter and was warmly received; he is a very respectable comic performer. The Irish Widow was the farce of the evening, in which Mrs. Young was all we could wish in Widow Brady. On the Wednesday following that Lady performed Juliana in the Honey Moon, in a most excellent style; and a Miss Grayson from Newcastle was much applauded in Violante. Yours

ALTER.

Theatre, BRIGHTON.—Mr. Brunton, senior, having retired from the management, the theatre is this season, under the care of Mr. J. Brunton and Mr. Field of Covent Garden, who have collected a good company, and the stage performances are well regulated. The four Miss Adams's are engaged for the season, and among the principal performers are Messrs. Brunton, Murray, Penley, Andrews, Miss Boyce, Mrs. J Brunton, Mr. Bologna, junior, &c. A new circus has been built in opposition to the theatre, but the managers having refused to licence it for stage performances, it is reported that the proprietor means to give concerts, and to bring down Catalani for a few nights.

Theatre, WORTHING.—Trotter has commenced his season with every prospect of success. Powell from Drury Lane, Cory from Covent Garden, Messrs. Jones, Owens, Hardy, Gibbon, Stanley, Davis; Mrs. Trotter, Mrs. Bew, Miss Johnstone, Mrs Owens, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Zerbin, and Miss Bristow, Miss C. Bristow, Miss Beanfield, and Miss Norton from Covent Garden, constitute his company. Miss Norton has just finished her engagement.

Theatre-Royal, GLASGOW.—This theatre was opened on Wednesday the 29th ult. for the first time under the management of Mr. Beaumont, whose exertions to please seem indefatigable. He has already procured the largest company, at the same time, containing the greatest number of celebrated performers that ever visited this city. In addition to a great many respectable provincial actors, the following from London have already appeared, viz. Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Powell, Mr. Raymond, Mr. Talbot, Mr. Holland, Mr. Wewitzer, Mr. R. Jones, and Oxberry, &c. and in the course of the season the following are expected, Mr. Elliston, Mr. Bannister, Mr. Emery, Mr. Incledon, Mr. and Mrs. H. Siddons, Miss Lyons, and Mrs. Edwin.

Mr. Lewis's tragedy of *Adelgitha*, is the only new piece yet brought forward, which gives strong proofs of Mr. Beaumont's liberality. It has been got up in a style of splendour superior to any thing ever seen in Scotland. The scenery is elegant and beautiful, and the dresses and decoratiosn, executed in the most tasteful and splendid manner.

On Monday the 11th instant, Mrs. Glover, took the *Wheel of Fortune*, for her benefit. The misanthropic *Penruddock* was admirably supported by Mr. Raymond, who, through the whole of the character, receive the most incessant plaudits. The receipt of the house was about 115l.

The following *lines* are from the pen of one of our performers, they were written in the Green-Room, on the spur of the occasion, and spoken on Saturday the 9th inst. by Mrs. Glover, at the conclusion of Mrs. Inchbald's Comedy of "Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are."

What is't e'en now inspires the Patriot band,
To drive oppression from their native land;
To hurl their vengeance on a treach'rous foe,
'Tis for the Fair, Spain nobly strikes the blow!
Oh! may each fallen State, example take.
Essay once more the Gallic yoke to break;
Like Spain assert their rights, and dare be free,
Or glorious fall for glorious Liberty;
Here after ages should the deed record,
And grateful tell the atchievements of their sword!
Like you proud pillar rais'd to NELSON's name,
That speaks at once his own and Glasgow's fame;
Whose gen'rous founders nobly led the way,
To strike the threat'ning Despot with dismay;
And pray'd their Sov'reign War might never cease,
Rather than Britain sue inglorious peace.
Oh! never shall that realm that rules the waves
Be rank'd among the Gallic Tyrant's slaves;
Nor suffer Spain that makes such bold advance,
To groan beneath the iron pow'r of France.
Go on ye gallant Sons of Freedom's favour'd isles,
The grateful Fair shall bless you with their smiles.

Theatre, SUNDERLAND.—Opened on Friday, July 1st, for seven nights, to give Mr. Emery an opportunity of displaying his talents, before the inhabitants of his native town, the characters personated were *Farmer Ashfield*, *Tyke*, *Stephen Harrowby*, *Giles Woodbine*; *Frank Oatland*, *Zekiel Homespun*, *Hawbuck*, *John Lump*, *The Miser*, *Sam*, *Joey*, *Sheepface*, and *Captain Bertram*, to unbounded approbation, and fashionably crouded houses—His benefit was under the patronage of the officers of the Herefordshire and East York regiments; the company is not so good a one as last season, therefore, he was not well supported.—It consists of Messrs. Faulkner, (manager), Bland, Darley, Wright, Thompson, Aldridge, Master T. Pitt, Elliott, Master Elliott, Mann, Adcock, Leonard, Holmes, Diddear, Mrs Pitt, Mrs. Darley, Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Elliott, Miss King, Miss Campion, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Diddear, &c. Emery has since gone to Durham, North Shields, &c. for a further display of his abilities, and attends the Assize week at Newcastle. Messrs. Incledon, Blanchard, and Dwyer, are at present at Newcastle, whose united talents on the night I was present, in Love in a Village, and Midnight Hour, did not draw 20l. together! Oh! Newcastle, fie!!.—As is also Bannister, who are expected, on finishing there, to come for a few nights to Sunderland.

July, 13, 1808. PRIVADO.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the press, or in preparation.

BIOGRAPHY. The Itinerant; or Genuine Memoirs of an Actor; by S. W. Riley. Essay on the Life and Writings of Rev. Abraham Booth; by Wm. Jones. Memoirs of Josias Rogers, Esq. Commander of his Majesty's Ship Quebec; by the late W. Gilpin, A. M. Memoirs of Captain George Carleton, an English Officer; including Anecdotes of the War in Spain, under the Earl of Peterborough, and many interesting Particulars relating to the Manners of the Spaniards, in the beginning of the last century; written by himself.

POETRY. Renovation of India; a Poem; with the Prophecy of the Ganges; an Ode. The Senses, an Ode, in the manner of Collins's Ode on the Passions. A Day in Spring, and other Poems, by R. Westall, Esq. R. A. The White Doe, or the Fate of the Nortons; a Poem, by R. Wordsworth. The Fisher Boy; comprising his several Avocations during the four Seasons. By H. C. Esq. Poetical Works of the late C. Anstey, Esq. with some Account of his Life and Writings; by his son, John Anstey, Esq. Fowling, a Poem, in five Books.

NOVELS, &c. The Cottagers of Glenburnie, a Tale for the Farmer's Ingle-Nook, by Elizabeth Hamilton. The Match-Girl, by Mrs. Edgeworth.

DRAMA. Abradates and Panthea, a Tragedy from Xenophon; by John Edwards, Esq. The Montem, a Musical Entertainment; by the Rev. Henry Rowe. Illustrations of the Scenery of the Gentle Shepherd, with a new and correct Edition of the Comedy: and an Appendix, containing Memoirs of David Allan, the Scots Hogarth; Poems connected with the illustrations, and a Glossary: prefixed are, a Life of Allan Ramsay, an inquiry into Pastoral Poetry, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS. Theory of Dreams; in which an enquiry is made into the powers and faculties of the human mind, as they are illustrated in the most remarkable dreams recorded in sacred and profane history. Fragments, in Prose and Verse, by a Young Lady, lately deceased; with some Account of her Life and Character. Translations of M. Gener, being a Selection of Letters on Life and Manners; by John Muckersey, Minister of West Calder. Letters on Taste, Literature and Criticism; by the late Dr. Gregory; addressed to his Son. Midas; or, a Serious Inquiry concerning Taste and Genius; including a Proposal for the certain Advancement of the Elegant Arts; by A. Fisgrave, L. L. D.